

Florida

SPECIAL 50-PAGE
HUNTING SEASON ISSUE

WILDLIFE

Hunting • Fishing
• Conservation •

NOVEMBER, 1959

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS



REGULATIONS FOR 1959-60 HUNTING SEASON

ALL DATES SHOWN ARE INCLUSIVE

OPEN SEASON FOR TAKING FLORIDA RESIDENT GAME BIRDS AND GAME ANIMALS										OPEN SEASON FOR TAKING MIGRATORY BIRDS FLORIDA				
DISTRICT	DEER BUCK ONLY	TURKEY EITHER SEX	QUAIL	SQUIRREL	RAIL AND GALLINULE (Marsh Hen)	DOVE	WOODCOCK	WATERFOWL Ducks Geese Coot	SNIPE					
Day's Bag	1	2	10 2 Fox	10 Gray	15	10	4	4	8					
Season's Bag	2	3												
1st District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day, EXCEPT Hardee, Manatee, Sarasota, Pinellas, DeSoto, and Hillsborough south of U. S. 92 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day. EXCEPT Manatee, Sarasota, DeSoto, Hardee and Hillsborough south of U. S. 92 open Nov. 21 to 29 and Dec. 25 to Jan. 3 only. Pinellas County CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only, EXCEPT no early season in Hardee, DeSoto, Highlands, Glades, Charlotte, Lee and Hendry Counties.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to 12 noon to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					
2nd District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3. SPECIAL SEASON Gilchrist County Nov. 21 to Dec. 13 with Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed during entire season. That portion of Columbia south of St. Rd. 18 and east of U. S. 441 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3. That portion of Columbia south of St. Rd. 18 and east of U. S. 441 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to 12 noon to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					
3rd District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Hunting permitted every day. Okaloosa and Walton open Nov. 21 to Dec. 6 and Dec. 19 to Jan. 3. Washington, Holmes and Jackson Counties CLOSED. Escambia and Santa Rosa CLOSED except within Eglin Field and Blackwater management areas.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Hunting permitted every day. SPECIAL GOBBLER season April 2 to April 10—1/2 hour before sunrise to 12 noon.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. That part of Franklin County East of St. Rd. 30 and a line extending from the point where St. Rd. 30 turns west to the water line and including all of Alligator Point shall be closed to the taking of doves during the Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 portion of the dove season. Afternoon shooting only.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to 12 noon to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					
4th District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day. Monroe County closed to Key Deer.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day. Collier County open only Nov. 21 to Nov. 29 and Dec. 25 to Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only, EXCEPT no early season in Okeechobee and Collier Counties.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to 12 noon to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					
5th District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only, EXCEPT no early season in Brevard, Volusia, St. Johns, Flagler and that portion of Putnam County east of St. John's River.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to 12 noon to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3					

*Hunting for Migratory Birds permitted every day of applicable open season.

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Complete summary of Hunting and Trapping Rules and Regulations, applying to Game, Fur Bearing Animals, and Reptiles 1959-60, can be obtained at the office of the County Judge, or from any of the regional offices, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, listed on Page 3.

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Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game and Fish

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C. L. SATTERFIELD, Circulation

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STRIKES and Backlashes



FIELD TRIALS

Dear Editor:

I just read the article Music of The Hounds in the October issue, and would like to say that it is about time the Fox Hunters Association received some recognition in your magazine. These bench and field trials are a big thing all over the country, and any sportsman will find the various events thrilling. Now, how about some similar articles on the other types of 'field trials', — bird dogs, beagles, etc.

Dr. Charles Raiborn
Cincinnati, Ohio

HUNTING LICENSE

Gentlemen:

For the past several years I have not been required to buy a hunting license, having reached my 65th birthday in 1956. Most of my hunting has been for small game, but this year I plan to try my hand at duck hunting and would like to know if my age makes me exempt from buying a duck stamp too.

Mr. Roger Reid
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I have been stationed at the Eglin A.F.B. for over three months now and plan to do some hunting in this area this winter. I am mostly interested in the deer hunting here, but plan to try for other game also. Am I required to buy a non-resident hunting license, or does the fact that I will be stationed in Florida for at least two years make it possible for me to buy a resident license.

M/Sgt. R. R. Cameron
Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.

● *Florida residents 65-years of age and over, and under 15-years of age are exempt from 'purchasing' a Florida hunting license. They must, however, obtain from the office of a County Judge, a special exempt li-*

cense, issued at no cost. Proof of age appears on the license, along with the required 'tabs' for the tagging of deer and turkey which must be done by ALL hunters. Waterfowl hunters 16-years of age and over, must purchase a Migratory Bird Stamp (see page-41) which is pasted in the designated area on the license, with signature across the face of the stamp. If you are 65-years of age and over, the hunting license is issued free, but if you plan to do any waterfowl hunting, the purchase of the 'duck stamp' is necessary. All Service Men stationed in Florida are considered residents as far as the purchase of hunting and fishing licenses are concerned. For further information, see your local County Judge, or one of his authorized agents. All hunting and fishing licenses are issued through the office of the County Judge.

LITTLE GIRL — BIG FISH

Dear Sir:

We thought you might like this picture of a little girl inspecting a big largemouth bass. She is Jill Harshbarger, from Tampa.

James E. Pedersen
Lake Wales, Fla.



STRIPED BASS

Gentlemen:

I just received the complete report on the Apalachicola Watershed from the Fisheries Division, and think that some public mention should be given for such a fine piece of work. The maps are perfect for those who do any fishing or boating in that area. I sent for the report as soon as I read the second installment in my October issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, and notice only one thing missing, and that is information on all those big striped bass we have been catching recently. I have been catching fair numbers of stripers near the Dead Lakes, and when the weather gets cooler, hope to again catch some of those big ones below the Dead Lakes. My cousin fishes around the Jim Woodruff Dam, and he has already brought some home that weighed forty pounds and more. I have only been a subscriber for a little over a year, so if you have any back copies with stories on the striper fishing along the Apalachicola, please send them. Am I right in thinking that the rock bass they talk about around the Dead Lakes, are the same fish that we call striped bass?

Billy Tracy
Dothan, Alabama

● *The striped bass found in the Dead Lakes, Chipola River, Lake Wimico, and along the Apalachicola, are often called rock bass, or rock fish. Although the cool weather months has usually been the time for best striper fishing, reports of heavy catches have been made periodically for the past several months. A special research program on the striped bass was started by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission earlier this year. This is another Federal Aid (Dingell-Johnson) program, and as soon as reports and information become available, they will be published in FLORIDA WILDLIFE.*

WILDLIFE IN TURKEY

The Editor:

The arrival of my FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine is a big event here in Turkey. My wife and I get homesick when we read it, but enjoy it just the same. We are scheduled to return home to Florida in Oct. 1960.

Capt. Walter Young
A.P.O. New York



WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL

TWO OR THREE COLUMNS ago we talked about a bill jointly introduced to the Senate and the House in Washington. In the Senate the bill is referred to as the S.812 or YOUTH CONSERVATION CORPS bill. For those of you who are interested in this conservation measure both from a human and wildlife point of view, you will be happy to know that it passed in the Senate by a vote of 47-45. From conservation minded people who are prophetic, a prediction is that there is a chance for its acceptance by the House. At the recent meeting of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, who held their annual meeting in Clearwater, Florida, recommended that the bill S.812 be enacted and that it be implemented by the necessary appropriations.

Whether the House will approve the bill as it reads is the big question. From all reports, the answer will not come until next year. Perhaps by that time the Administration will have changed their minds. As it stands now the bill is opposed by the Administration. Let's keep our fingers crossed.

Cub Bears

Remember the two cub bears we had at camp this past summer? Some of our campers have been inquiring about their future and what will we do with them. We pass this information along to you. Flip and Flop—that was the result of the

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

name the bear contest—are now abiding in their new home in the St. Petersburg Zoo. If you are around that way drop in and say hello. I'm sure you won't recognize them now.

Fishing Rodeo

This past August, the Hollywood Sportsman's Club, together with the Hollywood Jr. Conservation Club, and the Hollywood Recreation Department, conducted a Rodeo for young fishermen between the ages of six to eighteen. The boundaries for the angling activities were the territorial boundaries of Broward County. Boat fishing in the ocean was not permitted. Fish could be caught with rod and reel, hand line or any type of tackle as long as hook and line were used. The best part of it was that any kind of fish could be caught either in salt or fresh water. Victor Deheneffe was in charge.

New Girls Club

We now have the second all-girls Junior Conservation Club in Florida. Mrs. W. S. Miller and Mrs. J. H. Bennett are co-leaders of a newly organized club for girls in Bartow, Florida. Our other all-girls Jr. Conservation club is located in Panama City and is called the All-Girls Bay County Jr. Conservation Club. They operate as an independent and do not belong to the League. The meeting place for the new club is the



Youth Conservation Building. This is the building that the Bartow Jr. Conservation Club for Boys use as their regular meeting place. The new girls club is sponsored by the Dogwood Circle affiliated with the Federation of Garden Clubs in Florida. Girls between the ages of eight and fifteen are eligible to become members. Annual dues are \$1.25.

Mr. B. L. Timmons who is the leader and advisor-sponsor for the Boys Jr. Conservation Club is lending his support to aid and assist the newly organized club.

Newly elected officers are: Janice Wilson, president; Gail Lewis, vice-president; Barbara Luyckx, recording secretary and Rosa Bailey, treasurer.

Good luck girls. I am certain you will learn many new things and have fun doing and learning. Congratulations to the leaders and sponsors.

Bartow Jr. Conservation Club

Mr. B. L. Timmons writes that the club will meet on Saturday evenings during the football season. After that they will return to their regular meeting nights. That's one way of getting around football season. Thanks and I'm sure that you will have good attendance.

Random Reminders To Clubs

Do you have enough secretary report forms? If you haven't write to this office for a supply. These reports will help you keep your club on our active list. If we don't hear from you then we consider you inactive.

Try this year to prepare a list of
(Continued on Page 47)

THE COVER—The regular hunting season for Florida game birds and animals starts on November 21, this year, and scenes such as this photographed at the Ocala Management Area last year, will soon occur around the state. Wildlife Officers of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission will be on hand to lend assistance to hunters, and provide information and advice as required. Complete hunting regulations appear in this issue, starting on page 16.

COVER PHOTO BY WALLACE HUGHES



TO A PHYSICIAN or pharmacist who has served the public for many years, certain pharmaceutical brands have become synonymous with quality of compounding and honest marketing. The same is true of gun manufacturers, as related to gunsmiths and consumers. Some brand names stand for quality, no matter in what part of the work the finished product is seen or used.

One such name is "Ithaca," trademark of the Ithaca Gun Company, of Ithaca, New York.

For more than 70 years, the name "Ithaca" on a shotgun—and only recently on .22 caliber rifles—has represented the same quality and integrity in firearms manufacturing that veteran physicians and pharmacists associate with makers of the finest pharmaceuticals.

From simultaneous examination of a fine Ithaca double-barrel shotgun made about 1890 and a 1959 Ithaca, it is obvious that Ithaca factory workmen still take personal pride in producing a quality gun. In this modern age of mass production and inspection of products, this really means something, to this Gun Editor's way of thinking! Therefore, it is not surprising that among shooters who know guns, the name "Ithaca" frequently fosters a warm feeling, marked with deep respect. This seems to be true, whether or not one owns an Ithaca.

Trapshooting was a well established sport in this country when the Ithaca Gun Company got its original start, and some of the first guns made by the company (it was many years before the little plant could turn out as many as 60 guns a week) found ready acceptance and fame in that sport. All were doubles; the re-

By **EDMUND McLAURIN**

peating shotgun, as we know it today, was yet to come.

Significantly, generations later—in fact, in our own age—Joe Hiestand, of Hillsboro, Ohio, established a world's record of 1404 straight registered targets without a miss, using an Ithaca single-barrel, single-shot trapgun.

Seemingly, Dame Fortune herself has recognized the quality embodied in an Ithaca gun, by favoring the firm with her smiles through the years.

Old, independent shotgun-making firms, like Parker, L. C. Smith and lesser knowns, were either killed outright by the financial depression of 1928-33 or were absorbed by rivals. Remington bought out Parker; Marlin acquired the L. C. Smith factory and Savage bought out the A. H. Fox Gun Company. Only Ithaca survived.

Further, during the course of its long history, Ithaca has periodically expanded its holdings. It bought out the Syracuse Arms Company, the Lefever Arms Company (of "Who ever saw a broken Lefever?" slogan-fame), the Union Firearms Company and the Wilkes-Barre Gun Company, among several beneficial acquisitions. Today, the making of Ithaca guns is a big business for the once small New York State firm.

During World War II, Ithaca made the Colt .45 semi-automatic pistol under Government contract. Subsequently, they made the Model M-6 folding frame, combination rifle-shotgun survival type of weapon especially for the Air Force and the Model M3A1 .45 caliber Sub-machine Gun for the Army. Com-

mercially, however, Ithaca stuck strictly to shotgun manufactures until last year, when it added the now popular Ithaca X-5 .22 caliber repeating rifle to catalog listings. This simple, rugged .22 was first made only in clip-loading magazine style, but can now be had in either that or in tubular-loading choice.

Although double-barrel shotgun models helped make the name "Ithaca" famous, the firm has not made any doubles since 1948. Instead, the company has concentrated on the manufacture of its Model 37 repeater in various price brackets and in both conventional shot and special slug-shooting barrel borings, to meet the modern demand for practical repeating shotguns. Ithaca does, however, make a single-barrel, breech-loading, single-shot trapgun, and in various trade grades.

The company's Model 37 pump gun, made in both standard and Featherlight trade grades and in new Deerslayer model form, is the firm's most popular catalog listing.

The basic Ithaca Model 37, as we know it today, was once the Remington Model 17, designed by America's firearms' genius, John M. Browning. As the Remington Model 17, it was made between the years 1921 and 1933 and in 20 gauge only. This Gun Editor recalls that it then had the fault of occasionally dropping a shell from its open-bottom receiver.

The gun really came into its own when Ithaca took over the patent rights, incorporated improvements and marketed it in the consumer's



Result of 25 rifled slugs (left) of five different brands, fired at 40 yards from an Ithaca Deerslayer shotgun barrel. Bull's-eye is six inches in diameter; total target paper only 12 inches in size. The 'half hole' at right is from slug fragment that bounced off the target's backstop. The target at right shows a 1¼ inch group, of five slugs shot at 40 yards with the Ithaca Deerslayer.

Gun Editor's heart. From early boyhood, a close and happy association has unbrokenly existed. The gun itself has many features to commend it.

Besides being beautifully balanced and machined from top grade steel, the Model 37 has such good mechanical features as practically 100% reliability of functioning, short fore-end reloading stroke, straight-line shell feeding and bottom-loading and ejection. This last feature makes the gun ideal for the left-handed shooter, since his face is fully protected from any possible gas blow-back and burned powder residue by the solid top and right side of the receiver. The receiver design also contributes to non-clogging mechanical performance in rain, sleet, snow or dust storms.

Magazine capacity is five shots. A special plug is furnished with each gun so the Model 37's loading can be altered to accept only three shells, in conformance with the 3-shot Migratory Bird Law.

Total gun weight for the Model 37 versions run from about 6½ pounds for a 12 gauge in the Featherlight to approximately 7¾ pounds for the same gauge gun in Model 37T, target grade.

For shooters inclined to be front sight conscious, Ithaca's Raybar front sight is a definite aid to gun alignment. In essence, it utilizes refracted light to the degree that the shooter's aiming eye picks it up and aligns it quickly even while desirable concentrating on the target. The sight's value has been field proven too many times to be argued. Skeptics are invited to make their own prolonged tests—as this Gun Editor did when the Raybar sight was first introduced by Ithaca.

Under certain encountered light



conditions, the Raybar sight is undeniably superior to most conventional shotgun front sights. The way you rate its success will depend largely on the extent your vision needs the Raybar sight's assistance. The sight is standard equipment on all Ithaca shotguns, regardless of catalog grade and retail price tag.

Other attachments that can be ordered with any model Ithaca shotgun are a smartly contrasting recoil pad, a solid raised or ventilated style rib and shooter's choice of any of the popular choke devices. Ithaca will install the recoil pad and rib but, due to the added Federal tax that would accrue if the Ithaca factory did the work, sends guns to Poly-Choke and others for selective choke unit installations. Extra barrels, specifically bored or with optional selective choke attachment, can be had.

Unless he intended to do considerable continuous firing, as in Skeet and trapshooting, this Gun Editor's version preference would be the Model 37R Deluxe, with solid raised rib and neat, decorative checkering on beavertail forearm and stock, at \$142.95, plus optional costs represented by an installed recoil pad, selective choke device or an extra, interchangeable barrel. Such a selection would withstand hardest field use and the inadvertent falls and bumps which seem to be the inevitable lot of almost all hard-used upland and waterfowl shotguns.

Unless you intend to go in for long range waterfowl or pass shoot-

(Continued on Page 43)

gauge choice as the Ithaca Model 37.

Today, one can pay as low as \$94.95 for a standard Ithaca Model 37 or \$2,500 for a Model 37 so fancily scrolled and embellished with life-like inlays that it would meet the approval of a king!

But paying more won't buy superior shooting performance. The Ithaca gunmakers are especially proud of the fact that their lowest priced Model 37, the Featherlight, will perform just as well in the field as their fanciest. The difference is that only the true artist crafts the expensive grades. Outside surfaces alone require at least eight weeks of unhurried engraving work, gold embossing, inlaying and hand polishing. Custom engraving is entirely hand worked, even to the fine scroll and the stippling used as background for the game scenes. Pheasants, ducks and cat-tail vegetation are executed in gold and raised from the background in bas-relief. It is for such workmanship that you pay, in the \$2,500 grade Ithaca Model 37.

However, the standard grade Ithaca 37 is far from being an ugly duckling! Its graceful contours are enhanced by a neatly executed, machine-engraved waterfowl scene on one side of the receiver—three ducks in flight amid a natural setting. On the other side is a scene featuring a bird dog with two rising ringneck pheasants. Careful workmanship and inspection of finished product are manifest.

It is understatement to simply say the Ithaca Model 37 shotgun has always had a sizable niche in this



By **CHUCK SCHILLING**

ONCE EACH YEAR, practically everyone in the fishing tackle world gathers in Chicago for the Annual Trade Show. Actually, this show is sponsored by the AFTM (Associated Fishing Tackle Manufacturers) and is held for the purpose of displaying, for the first time, merchandise to be offered the coming year. The National Show is usually held in early August at Chicago's Hotel Sherman. This year was no exception.

Practically everyone in the fishing tackle industry is, also, a dedicated sports fisherman. The National Show to them is both a business venture and a personal treat. What a field day for the angler. Here, under one roof, are every major and most of the minor fishing tackle manufacturers, complete with their products, top brass, engineers, and salesmen. All the independent representatives, jobbers, jobber buyers, and many key jobber salesmen are, also, on hand.

As though this were not enough, the outdoor writers always have a big meeting at the Show, presided over by the president, Outdoor Writers Association of America (OWAA). Of course, the industry press is on hand, as well as outdoor editors from all around the country. The National Fishing Tackle Show is the big event in the tackle world, and everyone (including this writer) looks forward to it each year as the beginning of a new tackle season.

What's New?

The password at the big show is, "What's new?" Everyone who attends has this one thought in mind. This is a big show in a booming industry—still, the times something really new appears are surprisingly

few. Many old items get a new treatment, new color scheme, or improvements, but something new is rare. Every manufacturer is striving to produce a new item that has the magic touch, but in the fishing tackle business, this is quite a large chore. So—everyone asks everyone else, "What's new?" They ask hopefully.

I attend this show each year and, of course, haunt the exhibits, exchanging greetings with old friends, some of whom I see only at this time. I, too, ask, "What's new?" I came away from the recent show with the impression that light tackle is deserting the middle ground of

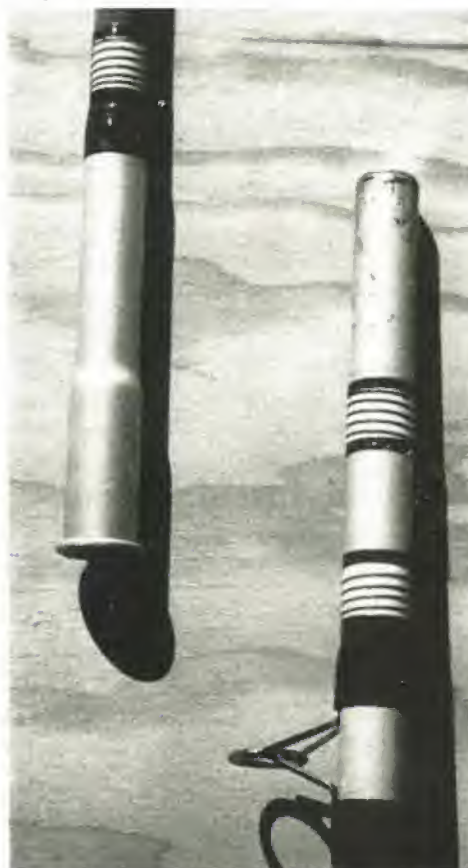
six and eight pound test line and is concentrating on extremes. Most emphasis I saw in spinning, spincasting, and bait casting tackle was either in the two to four pound test line spread or the 15 to 20 pound test. So-called ultralight tackle, both in spinning and spincasting, seems to be taking a spurt. I still think ultralight fishing is a stunt so far as Florida conditions are concerned.

After a careful tour of the show, I saw only two items of tackle this year I consider really news. Both come from the South Bend Tackle Company.

Powerflex Rods

With emphasis being placed today on spinning, spincasting, and other tackle in the 20-pound line classification, it was evident the rods designed and built originally for six to 10 pound test line were not adequate. Some few rod manufacturers have recognized this trend and done something about it. In a couple of instances, the action taken was to produce rods with much more backbone and glass in the butt sections. These "progressively powered" rods, of a consequence, have shaft diameters in the butt sections much larger and heavier than usual.

The South Bend Company used an entirely new idea. In their series of progressive action rods, called "Powerflex," extra power so desirable in the butt section is produced by making these butt sections entirely from a metal alloy tube. This alloy is one carefully designed by en-



In "Powerflex" construction, only the female ferrule is used in the joint, and it is placed upside down for an umbrella effect.

gineers of Alcoa and South Bend to meet the requirements necessary. The results are truly remarkable.

With the butt section of Powerflex Rods being all aluminum alloy, extra strength and desired action is achieved without increasing shaft diameters and with an actual reduction in rod weight. There are other advantages. The Powerflex butt section needs no ferrule, because the female ferrule is used on the glass tip section in an inverted position, to fit on the closed end of the metal butt shaft itself, thus one ferrule joint is eliminated.

As far as I know, this is the first time metal and glass have been combined as rod shaft material to produce a rod of exact action where differences in materials used complement each other. Of course, the butt sections of these Powerflex Rods are practically indestructible, and the tackle engineers assure me the alloy tubes have many times the strength and durability of glass. So this is new, and I predict the new concept will be around for a long time.

Salty Jigs

I had a personal hand in the only other really new tackle item I saw at the show. A few years ago, I was shooting the breeze about fishing tackle with Ted Williams, the Boston Slugger, who also runs a famous fishing tackle manufacturing company in Miami. Ted Williams is one



The Kinfolks "Flame Edge" knife has a heavy gauge 5½" custom made manganese steel blade ground with a thin narrow strip of tungsten carbide blasted on to the cutting edge. The tungsten carbide is on one side only, and as the knife is used, the conventional steel side without the tungsten carbide, gradually wears exposing more and more of the super-sharp "Flame Edge."

of the finest fishermen I've had the pleasure to know. He pays close attention to all the little things that make such a big difference in sports fishing.

Williams gave me quite a lecture about the reason he never ties his jigs to his mono lines or leaders with the jam or clinch knot. Ted thinks a direct tie puts a dampening effect on the action of the jig. Williams said he always attaches his jigs by tying them inside the circle of a perfection loop. With this method, he claims the jigs are free to work around the loop (about an inch long) and that they have much better action and catch more fish. When experts like Ted Williams give out tips about fishing tackle, I am all ears.



Ted Williams, famous baseball slugger, manufactures equally famous fishing tackle in Miami. Ted first advanced the idea of tying jigs inside a loop. The Salty Jig (above) is first to have a ring in the jig eye for better action.

Later that same summer, I was float fishing the St. Joseph River in southern Michigan, a guest of Victor Brant. Vic is an expert sportsman, particularly on Michigan fishing. We were both using Super-Dupers, catching smallmouth bass, mostly in the tail ends of riffles. Vic was catching about two to my one, and I finally determined to find out why. You guessed it—he was attaching his Super-Duper to 6-pound mono, putting it inside a perfection loop. This loose tie was producing the extra bit of action in the lure that was giving me fits.

I'm smart enough to take a hint, when two angling experts, 1500 miles apart, use the same trick to get a little edge. I began using these ties and catching more fish, but I soon felt that a ring in the eye of the jig would be even better than tying it in the perfection loop. I used a split ring in my jig eyes and soldered them shut to keep the mono from working through the ring.

Balance

Nothing is ever very simple about fishing tackle, and this experiment was no exception. I soon found that putting a ring into the eye of my usual jigs produced an altogether different action. I found that the new action produced by the ring was enormously affected by the balance built into the jig itself. I was plainly out of my depth, so I took the problem to South Bend's engineers. The new Salty Jig is the result.

This is new. For the first time, a
(Continued on Page 49)



The boss cancelled out my
 duck hunting vacation
 but the address he gave me
 lead to plenty of

FAST SHOOTING OVER FALL TIDES

AS TOLD TO
 GEORGE X. SAND

Shooting is fast, much like grouse; your target often bounces skyward when you least expect it — and often right at your heels.

WHEN I SAW THE VACATION schedule the new boss had posted my temper let go like an exploding camper's lantern. I made straight for his office.

He saw me coming. He must have heard all about my annual fever for duck hunting. "There will be no more December vacations," he hollered before I could get my mouth open.

"But I —"

"Keep in mind that this is a business office. Our peak work load takes place during the winter—" he ran on, his heavy blue jowls continuing to bobble and shake like a St. Bernard's.

Winter. To me it meant only one thing. Wildfowl. It was still only early fall, but already the exciting promise of colder weather lay in the quiet air. Down at the shore where I went each season I knew the first unmistakable chill would be setting over the booming sea. And each evening from now on the chill would become a bit sharper. Behind the white sand dunes the green marsh country would be waiting passively for the first touch of winter's browning brush. Through the shortening, brassy sunsets, were one to look closely, he could probably catch the occasional silhouette of speeding wings — early southbound travelers along the Atlantic flyway.

And here before me stood Blue-Jowls, waving an admonishing finger, telling me there could be no more of this! I found myself contemplating what it would be like to land one of my double-sixes against a certain portion of his large anatomy.

The idea tasted good, but I relinquished it immediately. I had a family to consider.

The boss's voice grew sharper. "Of course, if you want me to look into some of those office rumors . . . a certain small group of our male employees, conspicuous by their absence on Friday afternoons during the hunting season . . . as if they were determined to get an early start on some week-end trip . . . !"

I beat a hasty retreat at that. No use getting the rest of the boys in trouble. But brother — wait until they got a load of what was in store for them . . .

At lunch I spread the word. I was just hitting my stride when suddenly Pee-Wee Morgan stiffened and stared past my head.

It was Blue-Jowls. If his ears were ringing he gave no sign. He sat down at our table and ordered a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee.

"Why don't you take your vacation now?" he asked me suddenly through the thickening silence about the table.

"What — in September?" I winced.

"Plenty of good bird shooting in September."

I bent a glance on him. "This particular month there is no duck shooting, no goose shooting, no nothing," I told him stiffly. "Not even quail or pheasant. Only butterflies."

Cap'n Bart ordered that each high tide flooded point be hunted out to the very end, even if it appeared certain there was not sufficient grass cover to hide the quarry.

"Trouble with you is you just don't know," he announced affably from behind a big bite of ham sandwich.

I looked at him harder. I decided right then his eyes could pass any time for a couple of poached eggs floating in bilge oil.

"I could give you the address of a friend," he continued smoothly. By this time tomorrow you could be enjoying sport equal to some of the best duck shooting — and eating too, for that matter — you've ever had."

He was baiting me. I could sense the other guys about the table waiting to see what I would do. "I'm afraid I'd have to see that to believe it," I snapped.

The boss grinned. He produced a small notebook and scribbled a note. "Give this to Cap'n Bart. Tell him I've sent you down to shoot some mud hens.

Mud hens? The very name sounded unsavory. But I refused to give him the satisfaction of asking for an explanation.

The next morning I began my vacation. I left early, well before sunup. And as I drove eastward, toward the north Florida-south Georgia shore, my mood was matched by the gloomy, false dawn that gradually grayed the horizon. I had the uneasy feeling that I'd been fast-talked into a sour deal.

Cap'n Bart was waiting for me. In the stove-warmed kitchen of his bay-side shanty he struggled into a homemade canvas gunning coat. His seamy face didn't offer much in the way of encouragement.

"The first nor'easter — that's the time to hunt 'hens'," he announced. "You gotta wait until the wind's blowin' so hard it takes two men to hold one man's hat on. Then the tide gits pushed up so high it almost covers the top of the medder grass."

I didn't get it.

(Continued on Next Page)



(Continued from Preceding Page)

"So the birds can't hide on yuh so easy," the old boy explained coolly.

Some sportsmanship, I thought. It sounded like something my friend Blue-Jowls would go for.

Chug-chugging away from the bleak, windswept dock, I squinted through the crisp, pink mists of morning. Gradually my spirits rose, gave way to the old tingling anticipation. For a moment I almost forgot and thought it was ducks I was going after. For this was the world I loved; the rhythmic slap of salt water against a tight hull, the sweet smell of fresh pipe tobacco on clean air, the sudden white flash of a gull's wing in the distance.

"T'aint gonna be much, I'm afraid," Cap'n Bart prophesied over the thump of the motor. His stubby pipe made a sweeping gesture. "Out there on them little marshy islands is where you shoulda been with us during that first high water — yuh couldn't walk without steppin' on 'em."

I scowled. "You don't feel then we'll gather a bag full today, eh?"

"Nope."

I turned away for a few practice swings with my

empty automatic. The guide's dog, a clean-limbed Labrador, watched me alertly from the stern. What such a classy-looking animal ever saw in an obvious old pot-hunter like Cap'n Bart was beyond me.

Low along the lightening eastern horizon several shadowy islands materialized, lying like crouching watchdogs between the quiet bay and the ocean beyond. Through a narrow inlet I could see the orange sun divorcing itself gracefully from the clinging embrace of the blue-white Atlantic. Once free, it rose steadily to pump slanting rays of rainbow color into the water ahead until the series of small islands we were approaching became glittering jewels of frosted jade, all swimming buoyantly across a surface of molten gold.

When Cap'n Bart let the bow of his power skiff ground gently against the windward shore of one of the grassy islands the Labrador and I went over the bow together.

"Whoa, mister, not you — jest the dog gits off," the old guide hollered. He spat over the side. "We ain't huntin' pheasant out here, y'know."

As if this classic remark hadn't been enough to confuse me, I now heard a sudden disturbed cackling in my ears. I swung about, just in time to catch a glimpse of a startled, snipe-like form that burst upward from the marsh to fly erratically away downwind for about forty yards. There it promptly nose-dived out of sight again with a splash into the flooded meadow grass.

"What in blazes was that? — One of the things I'm supposed to shoot?" I barked.

The Labrador, who had already marked down the bird, paused long enough to give me a dirty look.

"That was a mud hen, otherwise known as clapper rail," Cap'n Bart advised dryly. "Now you better climb into the little boat before you spoil any more shots."

Following the old guide's instructions, I untied the light craft we'd been towing at the stern. Then, standing upright in it, gun loaded and ready, I let the moderate breeze carry me downwind along the flooded shoreline. The black dog had already begun to methodically work over each foot of the island's sparse cover.

"Watch for 'em to run right out to the very end of the last point before they flush," Cap'n Bart cautioned.

I watched for them. My drifting boat arrived at the island's lee shore slightly ahead of the working dog. I turned, finger expectantly on the trigger.

Ten yards. Five. Two. I braced myself for the bird to flush.

Nothing happened.

For this kind of hunting, a good retriever is a must.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE



Scattering bits of grass in all directions, a flushed marsh hen emits a derisive squawk as he explodes upward unexpectedly from the flooded reeds.

The black dog stopped at the water's edge. He raised his head, listening.

Far upwind, almost at the spot where I'd first jumped him, there came a derisive cackle as *R. longirostris crepitans* made himself air-borne.

"Howintarnation did he get way over there?" I yelled at the grinning guide.

"That's the way the critters behave. They'd rather run through the grass an' hide than depend on them stubby wings of theirs."

"They must be some runners."

"Faster'n a dog," Cap'n Bart admitted. He sounded almost proud of his mud chickens.

The next two islands yielded nothing other than an aloof old blue heron who stood in the center of a small tide pond with one long leg drawn up under him as if he had the bellyache.

The fourth island was so small it hardly seemed worth bothering with at all. The guide refused to pass it up, however.

"See that little reed bunch on the far point? Well — watch it."

I had watched just such a point before, I recalled. In fact, all I had been doing so far, it seemed, was watching and listening to explanations. By this time, in a duck blind, I would have seen some action.

Nevertheless, I stood in the drifting small boat once more and waited. I watched the black dog cover the length of the tiny marsh island; in this case some fifty-odd cautious, splashing steps that left a slowly widening path of white bubbles through the fresh blue sea water behind him.

Again nothing happened.

The Labrador reached the little reed bunch. He regarded it quizzically for a moment, head cocked sideways. He even bent down and parted the thick grass with his sniffing nose.

Then suddenly the sky seemed full of stubby wings and cackling cries!

Whammo! The polished stock of the automatic whacked against the shoulder of my gunning coat. I saw the load of 7½ chilled send a long white scar frothing away across the water — a full six feet behind the tail feathers of the weaving, twisting bird for which it had been intended.

Whammo! A hole in the sky this time.

And then suddenly the air was completely devoid of railbirds once more. All had pitched right back into the grass!

The dog lifted his dripping snout to look at me. That dog sure knew how to look insulted. Cap'n Bart was looking at me, too.

"They're a little erratic in their behavior, aren't they?" I mumbled. Right then I began to wonder



whether the old guide had been taking unfair advantage of these feathered grasshoppers after all . . .

"They're smart," Cap'n Bart said dryly. "I've seen seasoned quail hunters walk right by 'em, even on a flood tide. They'll hunch themselves down in the water till only their head an' bill is showin' — even pull their backs under."

He stepped ashore from the power boat, dropping the small anchor with a splash and stepping on it. "C'mon, they're still here somewhere," he said. "We'll try walkin' 'em up — maybe yuh can do better."

The island was so small I felt ashamed. "Sort of like shooting fish in a barrel," I told Cap'n Bart.

"Maybe not."

The Labrador moved out ahead of us, splashing cautiously. Nose skimming the water, he cast first in one direction then the other through the flooded grass.

"Work 'em up, boy," his boss encouraged.

"How can he smell anything in that water?" I asked dubiously.

"He —"

S-w-i-s-s-s-s-h!

"Behind you."

Bang!

Stubby wings never faltered.

Bang!

This time Mr. Rail angled sharply downward. I knew I had only winged him, however.

"Why do they have to get up *behind* you?" I growled, exasperated with my marksmanship.

"Maybe it's because they gotta travel downwind," Cap'n Bart suggested. "They're such weak fliers, y'know."

If this last had been intended as sarcasm, I couldn't tell. He was already striding away to direct the dog

(Continued on Page 41)



Commission Photo by Wallace Hughes

The general estimate is that the overall waterfowl population will show a 15-25 percent reduction compared with last year. Showing a marked decrease are Mallards, Pintails, Canvasbacks, and Redheads.

Waterfowl hunting regulations have been changed because of the decrease in duck populations due to spring drought conditions in the northern hatching areas

SHORT ON DUCKS

THIS YEAR, DROUGHT HIT the prairie pothole regions of Canada where 60 to 70 per cent of the nation's ducks are produced. Because of the expected low harvestable supply of ducks, the United States Fish and Wildlife Service gave the Atlantic Flyway, which includes Florida, certain restrictions aimed toward reducing the kill of ducks to insure the return of a substantial breeding population to the north next year. In short, the following steps were taken to help preserve this national resource:

1. A season of 40 consecutive days with a daily bag limit of 4 ducks and a possession limit of 8 ducks;
2. A season of 50 consecutive days with a daily bag limit of 3 ducks and a possession limit of 6 ducks;
3. A split of the 40 or 50 days, but reducing the total shooting days 10 per cent (to 36 or 45 days respectively);
4. The season on ducks, geese, and coot to be selected between October 7, 1959 and January 8, 1960.

With the main objective in mind, that is to reduce the kill of ducks for this year, a few facts about each of the four above-mentioned steps should be pointed out.

Selecting the Open Season

In setting the opening date for the 1959-60 waterfowl season, Florida not only faced the dilemma of preserving the nation's ducks, but also the need of preserving its own Florida Duck. For years, this

By **JAMES EVANS**
Project Leader, Waterfowl Research

unique species of waterfowl had shown a sharp decrease in numbers; so much so that it was feared extinction could befall this non-migratory species if proper steps were not taken. A late November opening date for the waterfowl season starting in 1957 was selected in hopes that the greater population of wintering ducks on hand would reduce the kill of the Florida Duck. The trend of the Florida Duck population since has slowly been on the rise, although enough data has not yet been gathered for a definite statement as to how great a rise really occurred. The Florida duck hunters responded to this later opening date like true sportsmen.

The peak wintering population of waterfowl in Florida has usually occurred in late November and December. For this reason, the season should be set as late as possible not only for safeguarding the Florida Duck, but to give the waterfowl hunter every opportunity for maximum recreation.

Splitting the Season

A split season would not necessarily help reduce the kill of ducks; on the contrary, it might increase the kill. Ducks are easiest to kill during the first few days of the season, the number of hunters is then at the maximum, and the kill is usually the heaviest. A split season would constitute two such opening days. There

would be no such factor as "diminishing returns" to naturally reduce the kill in a split season.

Shortened Season

A short season may be the possible answer for reducing the duck kill, but there are two important facts to consider.

First, a short season set at the earliest opening date would no doubt help the nation's waterfowl problem. This would be ideal for the migrant but would indeed jeopardize the Florida Duck population which cannot stand heavy gun pressure at this time. A short season should be placed as late as possible.

Second, a short season certainly reduces the maximum recreation potential for the duck hunter. The majority of hunters will object to fewer days of hunting; maybe to such an extent that some will not purchase their duck stamp this year. This year, more than ever, the nation needs every possible duck hunter it can get. This year's duck stamp will cost \$3.00 instead of \$2.00, but for the first time, all of this money, except production and mailing costs, will be used exclusively to select and acquire waterfowl habitats. The \$3.00 is indeed a small price to pay for an investment in the future to perpetuate the sport of duck hunting for now and the future. These wetlands are desperately needed to grow the "crop" harvested each duck season. Who can grow a crop of anything if there is no suitable place to grow it? As D. H. Janzen, Secretary of the Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife, Fish and Wildlife Service, states, "have enough faith in the future of the sport to contribute \$3.00 for a duck stamp even though the hunting prospects for this fall look pretty grim."

The short season will not necessarily reduce the kill of ducks. As previously stated, the majority of hunters will be out the first few days when the getting is the easiest; as the birds get scarce or "smarter" there tends to be a reduction of hunters willing to go after the game. This law of "diminishing returns" will limit the kill; a short season would only reduce the days available for recreation of hunting, not necessarily reduce the kill.

Bag Limits

During the 1953-54 waterfowl season, bag checks were made on 765 Florida duck hunters. The results

from this check are used to give some idea of hunter success in a year that was considered a "below average hunting season."

The 1953-54 season totaled 60 days from November 12, 1953 to January 10, 1954. For simplified presentation, the 60 day season is separated into six 10 day periods. The 765 hunters contacted represent a small sample of the total 30,378 duck stamp buyers, but will suffice to point out a few things concerning the present problem.

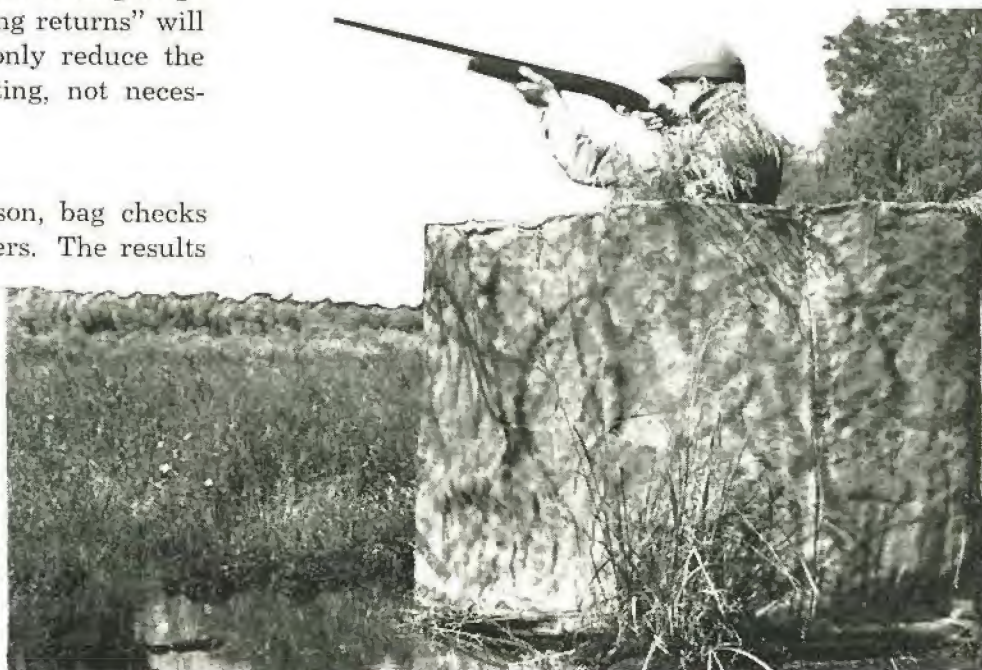
From the total number of hunters contacted, only 20.9 per cent, 1 out of every 5 hunters, were successful in getting their bag limit of four ducks. These statistics also give some indication of the hunting pressure through the season. Over one-half of the total hunters were contacted during the first 10 day period; over one-half of the total bag checked also occurred in this period. It must be remembered that with the bag check, there too is a "diminishing return" concerning the hunters contacted. As the hunters get fewer and harder to find, the bag checker tends to limit his hunting for them.

The average bag for the Florida duck hunter for the past 10 years has been about 2 ducks, as calculated from previous bag checks. This is high for all Florida duck hunters, for the total hunting success is usually a fraction of a duck per hunter. Although the bag checks do not show a true statewide picture, from this data an index can be established to compare seasonal trends of ups and downs, even when the "best" hunting areas are checked. Setting the daily bag limit at 3 ducks per hunter will only affect a small minority of hunters that get their 4 ducks per day.

Discussion and Conclusion

Two major problems confront this year's Florida
(Continued on Page 46)

This is the year for duck hunters to stop being bag limit "worshippers" and start being darn good sportsmen. Match your skill with the ducks this year. Give the duck blind-decoys (right) combination a rest this season, and be satisfied with just enough for the table.



Game Laws and Dates

Turkey

Daily bag limit, 2; season bag limit 3.

First District: November 21 through January 3, except counties of Hardee, Manatee, Sarasota, DeSoto, and Hillsborough south of U.S. Highway 92, where the open season will extend from November 21 through November 29, and December 25 through January 3. Hunting permitted every day. Pinellas County CLOSED.

Second District: November 21 through January 10. First nine days open; December 25 through January 3, open. Monday, Tuesday and Friday CLOSED at all other times. That portion of Columbia County south of State Road 18, and east of U. S. Highway 441 CLOSED at all times.

Third District: November 21 through January 10. Hunting permitted every day. Special Gobbler Season, April 2 through April 10; ½-hour before sunrise to 12-noon.

Fourth District: November 21 through January 3. Hunting permitted every day. Collier County open November 21 through November 29, and December 25 through January 3.

Fifth District: November 21 through January 10. First nine days open. December 25 through January 3 open. Monday, Tuesday and Friday CLOSED at all other times.

Deer

Deer must have at least one antler measuring five inches or over in length. Daily bag limit 1; season bag limit, 2.

First District: November 21 through January 3. Hunting permitted every day. Counties of Hardee, Manatee, Sarasota, Pinellas, DeSoto, and Hillsborough south of U. S. Highway 92 CLOSED.

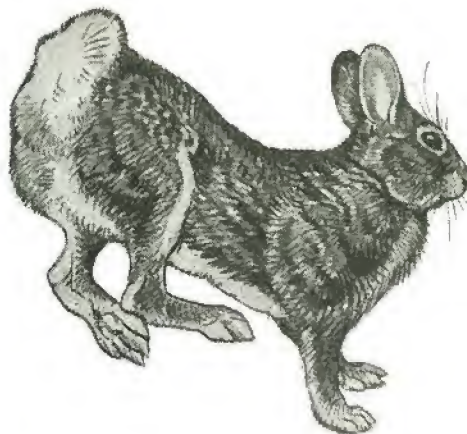
Second District: November 21

through January 10. First nine days open; December 25 through January 3 open. Monday, Tuesday and Friday CLOSED at all other times. Special Season in Gilchrist County November 21 through December 13. Monday, Tuesday and Friday CLOSED. That portion of Columbia County south of State Road 18, and east of U. S. Highway 441 CLOSED.

Third District: November 21 through January 10. Hunting permitted every day. Okaloosa and Walton Counties open November 21 through December 6, and December 19 through January 3. Washington, Jackson and Holmes Counties CLOSED. Escambia and Santa Rosa Counties CLOSED except within the Eglin and Blackwater Management areas.

Fourth District: November 21 through January 3. Hunting permitted every day. Monroe County CLOSED to the hunting of Key Deer.

Fifth District: November 21 through January 10. First nine days open. December 25 through January 3 open. Monday, Tuesday and Friday CLOSED at all other times.



1959-60

Hunting Season

Squirrel

Daily bag limit, 10 gray, two fox; no season's bag limit.

First District: November 21 through February 14. Hunting permitted every day.

Second District: November 21 through February 14. First nine days open. December 25 through January 3 open. Monday, Tuesday and Friday CLOSED at all other times.

Third District: November 21 through February 14. Hunting permitted every day.

Fourth District: November 21 through February 14. Hunting permitted every day.

Fifth District: November 21 through February 14. First nine days open. December 25 through January 3 open. Monday, Tuesday and Friday CLOSED at all other times.

Quail

Daily bag limit 10; no season's bag limit.

First District: November 21 through February 14. Hunting permitted every day.

Second District: November 21 through February 14. First nine days open. December 25 through January 3 open. Monday, Tuesday and Friday CLOSED at all other times.

Third District: November 21 through February 14. Hunting permitted every day.

Fourth District: November 21 through February 14. Hunting permitted every day.

(Continued on Page 18)

CONSERVATION DISTRICTS



GENERAL REGULATIONS

All dates shown are inclusive. Opening day, closing day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, and New Year's Day are open to hunting. Should any one of the above holidays fall on a Sunday, the Monday following such holiday will be open to hunting.

Bow and arrow are permitted for taking of game animals and game birds. Cross bows are not legal for taking game.

Shotguns must be limited to 3-shell capacity (magazine and chamber combined).

Sale of native game prohibited. No open season on doe deer, fawn deer, spotted or Axis deer, buck deer with antlers of less than 5 inches in length, cub bear, snow goose, swan, and non-game birds. Panther protected at all times.

Unprotected are English sparrow, crow, jackdaw, buzzard, skunk, flying squirrel, opossum, red and gray fox, bobcat, raccoon.

(Continued from Page 16)

Fifth District: November 21 through February 14. First nine days open. December 25 through January 3 open. Monday, Tuesday and Friday **CLOSED** at all other times.

Rabbit

Both cottontails and swamp rabbits are declared to be game animals. There is no closed season for the taking of rabbits, and no daily bag or possession limit.

A hunting license is required to take rabbits during the regular open season for game animals and birds.

Rabbits may be taken at night under special permit issued by the Director of the Game and Fresh

Water Fish Commission when the animals are found to be damaging personal property.

Other Species

Black bear is legal game during the open deer season and special Management Area hunts only. Daily

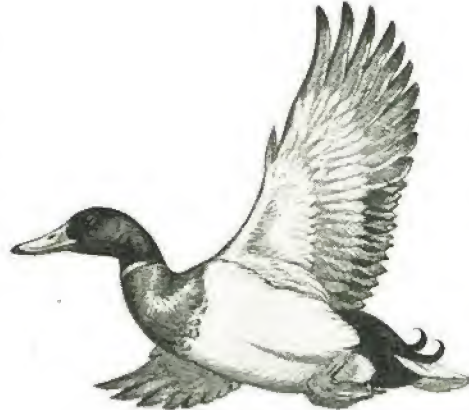
and seasonal bag limit is one. Cub bears are protected at all times.

Wild hogs are considered game animals in certain Wildlife Management areas during the open seasons designated for each area, with the bag limit set as one per day and two per season.

Panther is now protected at all times. Doe and fawn deer are protected at all times.

Shooting Hours

The shooting hours for native game animals and birds will be from one-half hour before sunrise to one-half hour after sunset. The shooting hours for all migratory birds appear in the special schedule at the bottom of this page.



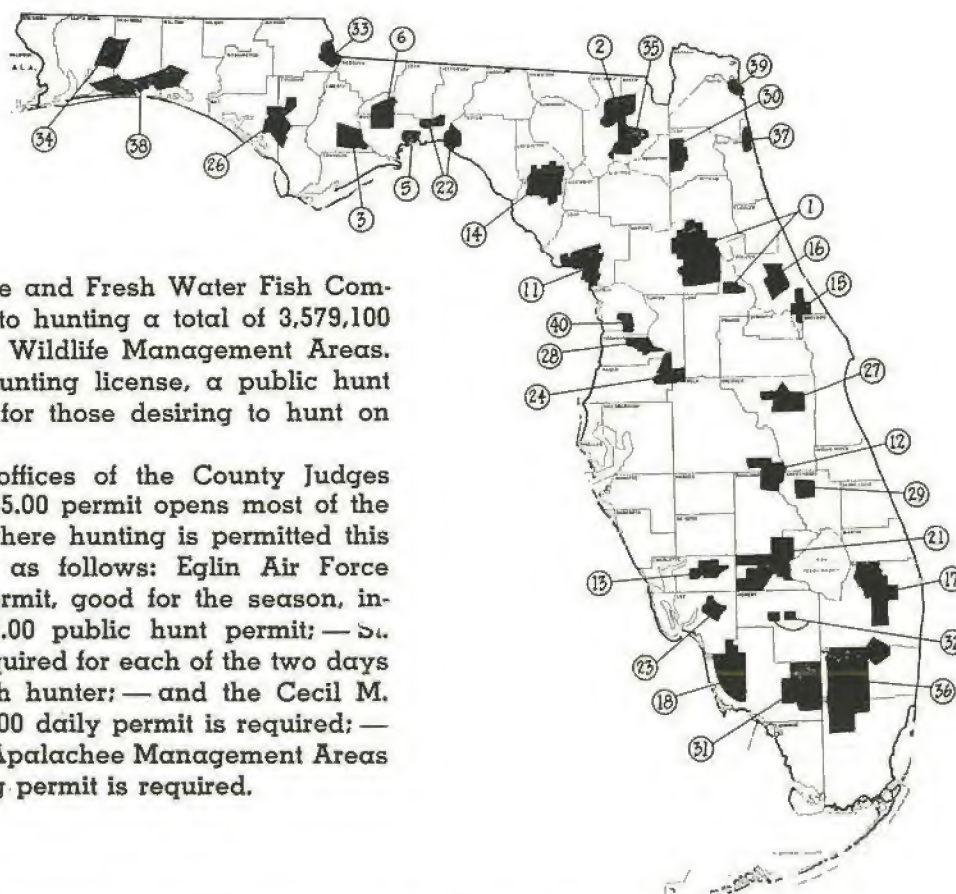
MIGRATORY BIRDS

Species	Open Season	Daily Bag	Possession	Daily Shooting Hours
Rail (marsh hen) and Gallinule	Sept. 5 through Nov. 8	15	30	½-hour before sunrise to sunset
Woodcock	Dec. 12 through Jan. 10	4	8	½-hour before sunrise to sunset
Dove	*Oct. 10 through Nov. 1 and Nov. 26 through Jan. 6	10	20	12-noon to sunset
Snipe	Dec. 5 through Jan. 3	8	8	Sunrise to sunset
Duck	Nov. 30 (12-noon) through Jan. 8	**4	**8	Sunrise to sunset, except Nov. 30, when shooting will start at 12-noon
Geese	Nov. 21 through Jan. 8	2	4	Sunrise to sunset
Coot	Nov. 30 (12-noon) through Jan. 8	4	8	Sunrise to sunset, except Nov. 30, when shooting will start at 12-noon

All Dates Shown Are Inclusive Hunting Permitted Every Day

*That part of Franklin County (Third District) east of State Road 30, and a line extending from the point where State Road 30 turns west to the water line and including all of Alligator Point will be **CLOSED** to the taking of doves during the Oct. 10 through Nov. 1 portion of the dove season. There will be **NO HUNTING** of doves during the Oct. 10 through Nov. 1 season in Hardee, DeSoto, Highlands, Charlotte, Glades, Lee, Hendry, Collier, Okeechobee, St. Johns, Flagler Volusia and Brevard Counties; and Putnam County east of the St. Johns River.

The bag and possession limit of ducks shall be **FOUR and **EIGHT** respectively two of which may be wood duck, one of which may be a hooded merganser, and one of which may be **EITHER** a canvasback, redhead, or ruddy duck. It is emphasized that the bag and possession limits for these listed species are the same. — The day's bag limit of American and red-breasted mergansers is **FIVE** (singly or in aggregate) and possession limit is **10**. Limits on American and red-breasted mergansers are in addition to limits on other ducks.



This season the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission will have open to hunting a total of 3,579,100 acres of land within the Wildlife Management Areas. In addition to regular hunting license, a public hunt area permit is required for those desiring to hunt on the Management Areas.

Available from the offices of the County Judges throughout Florida, the \$5.00 permit opens most of the 30 management areas where hunting is permitted this season. Exceptions are as follows: Eglin Air Force Base, \$4.00 Air Force Permit, good for the season, instead of the regular \$5.00 public hunt permit; — St. Marks, \$3.00 permit is required for each of the two days per season allowed each hunter; — and the Cecil M. Webb Area, where a \$5.00 daily permit is required; — and the Everglades and Apalachee Management Areas where NO public hunting permit is required.

Wildlife Management Areas

AREAS	LOCATION (Counties)	TOTAL ACRES OPEN	PRINCIPAL GAME SPECIES
Blackwater (34)	Santa Rosa & Okaloosa	85,000	Deer — Quail — Squirrel
Elgin Field (38)	Santa Rosa, Okaloosa & Walton	390,000	Deer — Quail — Wild Hogs
Roy S. Gaskin (26)	Calhoun, Bay & Gulf	118,300	Deer — Quail
Liberty (3)	Liberty	133,120	Deer — Bear
Apalachee (33)	Jackson	6,000	Ducks — Quail
Leon-Wakulla (6)	Wakulla & Leon	67,000	Deer
St. Marks (5)	Wakulla	3,000	Geese
Aucilla (22)	Jefferson, Taylor & Wakulla	110,000	Deer — Bear — Turkey — Squirrels — Ducks
Osceola (2)	Baker & Columbia	92,000	Deer — Bear
Steinhatchee (14)	Dixie & Lafayette	225,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Lake Butler (35)	Columbia, Baker & Union	96,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Camp Blanding (30)	Clay	56,000	Quail — Deer — Turkey — Wild Hogs
Gulf Hammock (11)	Levy	100,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel — Waterfowl
Ocala (1)	Marion	203,680	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Tomoka (16)	Volusia	100,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Citrus (40)	Citrus & Hernando	41,000	Deer
Croom (28)	Hernando	17,000	Deer — Quail — Squirrel
Richloam (24)	Hernando, Sumter & Pasco	60,000	Deer — Turkey — Quail — Squirrel
Farmton (15)	Volusia	50,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Holopaw (27)	Osceola	22,000	Deer — Turkey — Quail — Squirrel
Avon Park (12)	Highlands & Polk	108,000	Turkey — Quail
Okeechobee (29)	Okeechobee	16,000	Turkey — Quail
Cecil M. Webb (13)	Charlotte	57,000	Quail
Fisheating Creek (21)	Glades	100,000	Turkey — Quail — Squirrel
J. W. Corbett (17)	Palm Beach	90,000	Deer — Quail — Wild Hogs
Lee (23)	Lee	40,000	Deer — Turkey — Quail
Big Cypress (31)	Collier	133,000	Turkey — Deer
Collier (18)	Collier	300,000	Deer — Turkey
Everglades (36)	Palm Beach, Dade & Broward	720,000	Waterfowl — Deer — Wild Hogs
Devil's Garden (32)	Hendry	40,000	Turkey — Quail



The author, shown occupying a tree stand built two weeks before the hunting season, regularly uses binoculars to spot legal game.

BAG

By EDMUND McLAURIN

Driving deer to waiting hunters through the use of trailing hounds or beagles will usually get a shot for someone. But drives must be strategically staged under the direction of a huntmaster (below) who knows game habits and terrain.

NATIVE TO ALL STATES, deer are undeniably America's most popular big-game animals. To the delight of hunters, deer herds generally are increasing with corresponding enhancement of hunting success ratio.

In some states, over-population has caused both bucks and does to be rated as legal game. In similar vein, certain sections of Florida are now carrying more deer than the available food supply can maintain in good health. According to game biologists, it takes about six pounds of good quality deer browse daily to keep a deer in healthy condition. Also, quality and mineral content of foods consumed influence both antler development and herd productiveness. Periodic harvesting of both bucks and does from critical areas may become necessary.

But it's the bagging of a buck that fires the imagination! Like a powerful magnet's influence on steel, the possibility annually attracts hunters to the woods in droves.

For the chance of fastening his tag on a big buck, the average hunter willingly lays down his hard-earned cash for equipment and services considered necessary to the chase, voluntarily arises in pre-dawn hours, travels long distances and submits himself to cold, heat, dampness, hunger, indigestion, insect annoyances and highly probable disappointment. At best, deer hunting is never a sure thing. Statistics show it costs an average of \$100 and several days of hunting to bag a buck. You may or may not agree.

One of the shortest Florida deer hunts on record was a trip made by Hiram Hatch to the Steinhatchee National Forest.

Outfitted to remain two weeks, Hatch—as required



—stopped at one of the ranger stations to have his license checked. Returning to his parked car, he spotted a 4-point buck ambling along the road. Quickly reaching inside his car, Hatch loaded and unlimbered his rifle. A single shot dropped the deer. Entitled to only one deer kill under a special permit system in effect that year, Hatch's deer hunting season lasted two minutes instead of two weeks.

Another unusual case was that of a fellow who hunted hard for an entire week without even seeing a legal deer. Driving out to the main highway for the trip back home, a big buck jumped out into the road and ran ahead of his car. Just for the fun of it, the homeward-bound hunter leaned out of his car window and loudly yelled "Bang! Bang! Bang!" while simul-

THAT BUCK

Knowledge and preparation
often pays off
in deer hunting, but
you still have to
be at the right place
at the right time.

In the sport of deer hunting, it is said that sooner or later every hunter gets at least one chance to make a deer kill. This may be YOUR year.



taneously pointing a finger at the deer. Confused, the buck doubled back, ran into the side of the hunter's car and died of a broken neck!

Generally, however, buck deer are not bagged so easily. An antlered deer kill is the result of considerable doing and much knowing and the right combination of both. In deer hunting, the quarry hunted makes most of the rules — not the hunter.

But success is often influenced by the deer hunter's preparedness, his hunting knowledge and experience. Consider . . .

Your chances are much better when you know your game, know your hunting country, have the right gun and complete mastery of it, are dressed right and hunt logically. As professional guides can verify, this is frequently the magic combination that results in bagging a buck, if there are deer to be had.

Knowing deer habits and the country you plan to hunt are important.

What may appear to you to be a wild expanse of scrub may actually be a wilderness "city" to deer. Like people who favor certain highway routes when traveling, deer have similar, although often remote, trails leading to and from favorite feeding grounds, bedding spots and assured escape routes. Locate these — especially feeding grounds and obviously used trails.

A close observer of pre-hunting season deer herd activity will quickly note that the does and fawns will invariably be the first ones to enter a feeding area, the bucks generally following about 15 minutes to half an hour later.

Habitually, deer bed down for most of the day after

feeding. Therefore, any early morning movement of undisturbed lone deer or herd can be expected to be in the direction of such bedding grounds.

Lone deer amid natural surroundings are often hard to identify — which is one reason why we have a high hunting season accident rate. Seldom does one see an entire deer, especially an old buck. Usually, all a sharp-eyed hunter will see will be flick of an ear or a partially concealed body outline. Only when an animal is slowly sneaking off, running at top speed across an open stretch, or viewed at long range or by chance occurrence, will the hunter likely see an old buck in entirety.

By all means, utilize the visual assistance a good pair of binoculars can provide. The glasses will not only save you a lot of unnecessary and noisy walking, but will enable you to remain still and see game where normally it might not be noticed. Needed is a quality instrument of 6 or 7 power magnification, weighing from 12 to 20 ounces and giving a broad field of view and good exit pupil light transmission. The Bushnell 6x25 "Broadfield" and the Bushnell 7x35 "All Purpose" models are typical examples.

In a deer herd, there is usually one doe who seemingly spends her time watching for herd members on the move, at feed or at rest. Invariably she will repeatedly watch, listen and test the air for scent more than the other herd members, who appear heavily dependent upon her alertness for timely warning of danger. When the herd is on the move, usually this doe leads it.

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Sense of smell is so highly developed that under favorable conditions a deer can pick up a hunter's scent while the latter is still a quarter of a mile away. To reduce likelihood of body odor detection, many hunters chew chlorophyll tablets, stand in the smoke of the campfire, crush pine needles against their clothing or use commercially prepared scents.

Also, nature didn't give deer big, flexible ears solely for ornamentation; the appendages are as sensitive to sounds as radar screens — and operate around the clock!

Any unusual scent, sound, or movement contrary to customary woods' environment, arouses immediate suspicion, and quite often results in a precautionary change in deer behavior for that day.

Deer have various effective means of communicating suspicion of danger to companions. Animals witnessed striking their front feet sharply on the ground are almost certain to be suspicious of some noise or scent and are making that fact known. The snort or blowing heard by a hunter is a warning sig-

nal common to both sexes and one easily heard by all other deer within several hundred yards of any self-appointed Paul Revere or Molly Pitcher!

In nature, warning signals receive universal interpretation. Many a buck has been able to sneak out ahead of danger because of being warned by a scolding bluejay, a suddenly departing crow or a squirrel alarmed by the hunter's approach.

Whereas the success of your hunting trip may well depend on seeing, while remaining unseen yourself, this is not a desirable objective in respect to other deer hunters. Safety-wise, it is a good idea to give a low whistle or otherwise break silence should another hunter enter your area and take a stand.

The same Hobson's choice applies to color of clothing worn. Considerable difference of opinion exists relative to whether or not deer see colors as we see them. Scientists say "No." Veteran hunters say "Yes." However, both groups agree that, preferably, hunting clothing should be of soft, noiseless materials and selected footgear should permit the hunter to walk with a minimum of noise and ground vibration.

It is surprising how quickly deer, notably unafraid between hunting seasons, can become wild and amazingly smart once familiar woods echo with gun fire. Evidently, fear of man is a basic, instinctive quality, developed through generations of battling for survival.

Once the hunting season opens, old bucks often purposely desert the herd and feed only at night. They take care to bed down long before daylight and thereafter remain almost motionless, but alert to any noise or scent foreign to time and place, particularly off-trail sounds not truly characteristic of the region.

Even when hunters walk by within a few feet of their hideouts, many



Where several hunters operate as a coordinated unit, pre-hunt agreement of the particular area to be hunted and the exact location of each man are important.

of these smart bucks will not move out unless sure they have been spotted; then they get moving fast and along a pre-determined escape route! If there is time, and discovery still unmade, a wise buck will usually forsake his hideout by sneak-away tactics rather than headlong flight. This is one reason why, in the thick brush of the South, hunting with the aid of scent-trailing, close-foraging beagles is a favored method.

An old buck flushed from hiding and shot at may run a long distance and seek suitable shelter and browse in strange territory rather than run the gamut of risks suddenly introduced to familiar stamping grounds. When things quiet down, he may or may not come back.

When you discover fresh tracks, take time to carefully study their characteristics.

An uninjured, walking deer keeps his toes together; each hind foot neatly steps into the fore-foot print. A running animal leaves a plain imprint of four hooves at each jump,



Ivan Beyers, Jr., of Leesburg, used the pictured Winchester Model 94 .30-30 caliber rifle to bag this 8-point Florida buck.

about four feet from the front set to the back set being average gallop stride. Imprints in sandy soil will usually have a brushed appearance.

Although deer have been known to hit a peak speed of 40 miles per hour, they can't maintain such a fast pace. Ordinarily their running speed is about 20 miles per hour. Sometimes a running deer can be momentarily halted by a loud whistle or single syllable shout.

Quick killing of a deer depends more upon where the animal is hit than upon the caliber of the rifle used. A hit in the heart, lungs, neck, junction of neck and body, shoulder or spine can be expected to anchor your buck or keep it from traveling far. For mature deer, this vital area is about 14 inches in diameter. It is up to you to visualize it and hit it.

In shooting at running deer, no absolute rule can be given for aiming, but, based on personal experience and association with many deer hunters, this writer believes the point of aim should be low.

More deer are missed by over-shooting than for any other reason. This fault, in part, can be blamed on some of the poor open sights found on many deer rifles. The full buckhorn and semi-buckhorn types of sporting rear sights are the worst offenders. Such sights possess generous metal ears which, though seemingly ideal, actually blot out one's view of the aiming mark. In order to see his game clearly, the hunter raises his head for a better view — and over-shoots!

Contrary to popular belief, the true rear sight of a firearm is not the factory or owner-installed rear sight, but the shooter's own aiming eye. Sight outline and correct adjustment help achieve an accurate sighting plane, but it is the position of the aiming eye that has final influence. So far as teaming with one's eyesight is concerned, a peep aperture rear sight is better than an open sight. A low power scope, with its single plane sighting, is best of all.

In hunting deer in thick brush, bullet weight is a very important



Buck or doe, a wild deer is a beautiful thing to observe. But herd populations must not exceed the food carrying capacity of local environment. It takes about six pounds of quality, high mineral content deer browse daily to keep a deer in healthy condition.

factor in bullet stability and performance. A heavy, round nosed bullet driven at intermediate velocity tends to plow through brush and stay on course better than one of light, fast-traveling Spitzer type.

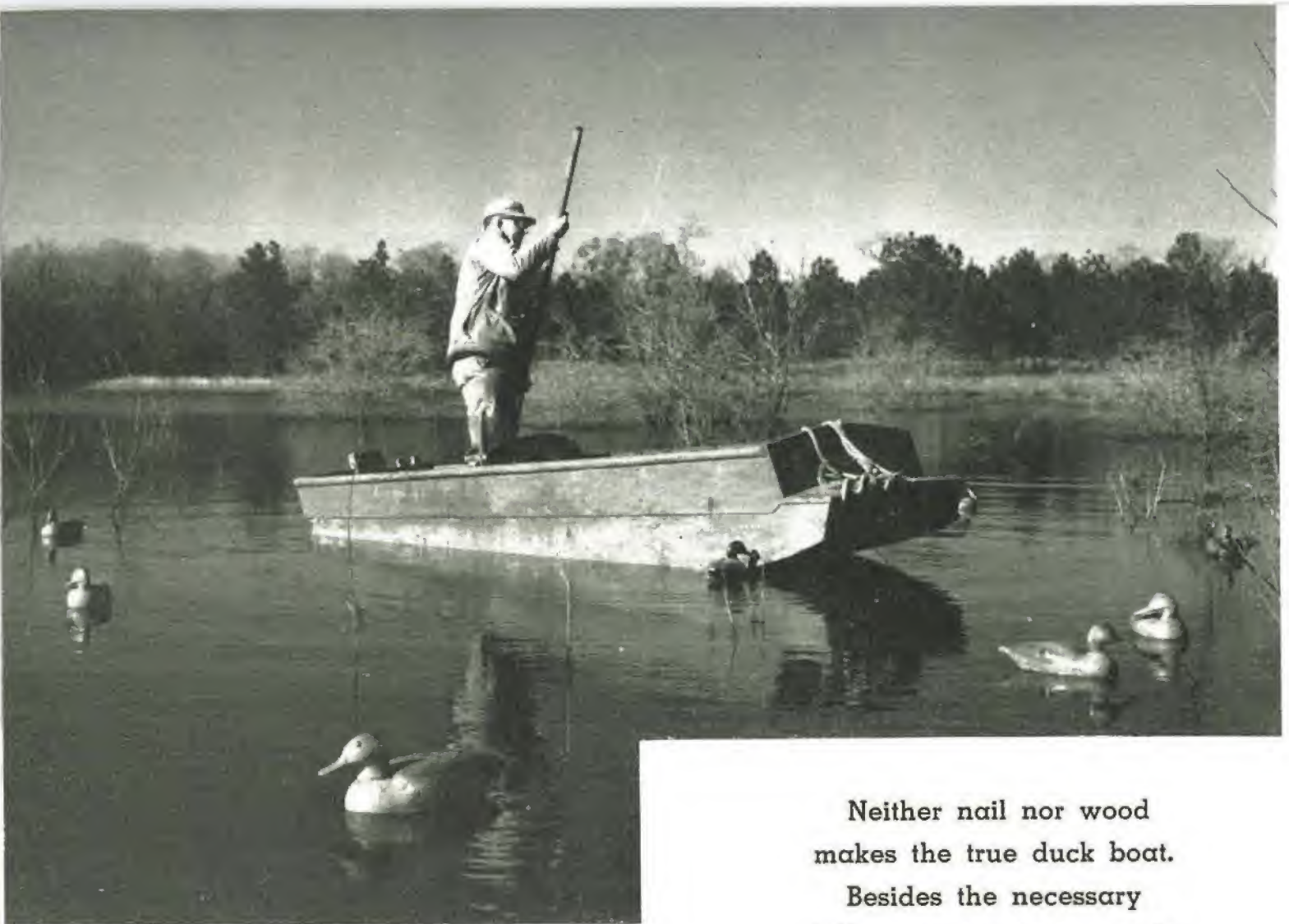
Without going too deeply into technicalities, combined bullet velocity and sectional density influence brush-bucking ability, too. A sectional density of at least .300 factor is required for all bullets driven faster than 2,500 feet per second muzzle velocity. Under this law, the 200 grain .35 caliber bullet, for example, appears to give best performance when driven at the comparatively slow speed of about 2,210 feet per second muzzle velocity. The Marlin Model 336 and the Remington 760 and 740 are three rifle models than can be had in .35 caliber.

Other effective combinations include the Winchester Model 94 of either .30-30 or .32 Winchester Special caliber, used with 170 grain soft-point bullets; the Savage Model 99 in .300 caliber, with 180 grain s.p. bullet; any of the .30-06 caliber rifle models, used with 150 or 180 grain fast-expanding bullets; the new Remington .280 caliber rifles and

150 grain bullets; the Remington Model 722 in .257 Roberts caliber, used with 117 grain bullets; the popular Remington Model 760 slide-action in .308 Winchester caliber, combined with either 150 or 180 grain bullet loads, and .270 caliber chambered rifles firing 130 grain, fast-expanding slugs. A growing favorite among riflemen is the .244 caliber and 90 grain soft-point bullet, for which the Remington 760, 722, 740 and 725 models are factory-chambered.

Shotguns firing rifled slugs or buckshot loads are favored by many deer hunters, especially for fast shooting in thick brush. If a shotgun is your preference, don't go below 16 ga. — a 12 ga. is better! — and shoot slugs only in single barrel pumps and autoloaders fitted with an adjustable rear sight for maximum accuracy. Most side-by-side doubles do not shoot slugs well and may even be moody about the size of buckshot fired through their bores. Test various loads, then select the best buckshot size.

Although they are now widely used for deer hunting, keep in mind that shotguns firing shot loads were
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Duck hunters, throughout the years, have developed type and design boats best suited to individual demand and local conditions. This sled type was designed for shoal waters and towing behind a larger runabout.

Neither nail nor wood
makes the true duck boat.
Besides the necessary
skill, — construction must be
made with special "feeling"

Waterfowlers Afloat

"DAMN THIS DUCK HUNTING ANYWAY!" exclaimed the stout hunter as he pulled his mud-filled boot from the clutching fingers of the tidal flat for what seemed the hundredth time.

Since early dawn when their runabout had suddenly run out of water, the three mud-covered hunters had labored to reach their selected site for an anticipated morning duck hunt. The trio long ago had become reconciled to failure, conceding the victory to mud and marsh, when a boat appeared, approaching effortlessly across the mud flat.

The figure standing in the approaching boat was moving across the soupy mud with the aid of a long push pole and little apparent effort. One push and the boat would slide across the mud, coming to a gradual stop after ten or more feet of progress. The approaching boat was propelled by a wildlife officer on routine patrol of the duck marshes with his Labrador retriever companion. The officer's boat gliding to a stop along-

By JIM FLOYD

side the belabored hunters, brought glances of envy from the stranded men. During the ensuing license check, conversation, and inevitable cup of coffee, the wildlife officer explained the basic design of his boat and the working principle of the mud head on the push pole. The hunters, strangers to the tidal marshes and the ways of the local hunters, resolved to abandon their runabout in favor of a local duck boat on future trips.

The ardent duck hunter is a man dedicated to his sport, and his vexation at the person who treats this sport lightly is generally obvious. The duck hunter lives and breathes for the first early flight of blue wing teal, while awaiting the opening day like a five-year-

old does coming of Christmas. All of the necessary paraphernalia for a successful hunt can be found in the garage, closet or utility room. As he handles his decoys or checks anchors and lines, there is a light in his eyes recalling a flight of last years' pintails or the opening day double. Under a shade tree or in the carport will be the inevitable duck boat. While this boat would not be considered a craft of beauty by the average passerby, many a duck hunter will strain their eyes for a better view. This boat might be a veteran of many successful trips to the marshes with faded paint and worn gunwales, handed down from father to son, or it might be a spanking new craft manufactured and designed for duck hunting and duck hunters. Regardless of design or condition, it is a craft with a purpose.

The primary objective of any boat is water transportation. This transportation may be across miles of open water or just across the local mill pond. The duck boat goes a point further than transportation, since in many instances the boat will become a most important item in a successful hunting trip. The duck boat often becomes a duck blind, or, at least a part of a blind, a retriever of downed ducks and decoys, or a dry haven for shells, lunches, and coffee. Many dull days have been turned into memorable ones with limit bags due to a suitable boat. If the ducks are not moving and you have a boat, you can go looking for them. With a boat that can be sculled, paddled, or poled, you can sneak through the marshes or up winding streams to fill your limit while other guns remain silent.

Duck hunters throughout the years have developed the type and design of boat best suited to their individual demands and local hunting conditions. The experienced duck hunter will note a marked difference in the assortment of designs found in various sections of the country.

A complete failure on opening day taught me a lesson concerning special purpose duck boats. A week of pre-season scouting around the shores of Lake Miccosukee in Jefferson and Leon counties had revealed the feeding spot of a number of big green heads and plump ringnecks. As the ducks were feeding near a dense stand of reeds which would provide a natural opening morning blind, I made no attempt to launch my boat to explore the waters of Miccosukee, afraid that I might disturb my opening day targets. Opening morning found my veteran of numerous trips over the mud flats and sand bars of the delta country, launched and loaded with decoys, the faithful double barrel, and a thermos of hot coffee. If my boat was good enough for the delta marshes, surely it would be excellent for the waters of Miccosukee. A half dozen shoves with



Construction of this Apalachicola Delta duck boat, included oar lock blocks of oak, making it possible to quietly ease the boat along the marshes.

the push pole, and the fallacy of my thinking struck home. My scow-type veteran had run afoul of something new. The reeds and bonnets of Lake Miccosukee were piling up under the boat, while I labored, making little or no progress. Sunrise found the ducks flying, and a lone, disgusted hunter only half way to his selected spot. With no shot fired and opening day a complete failure due to my stubbornness in refusing to conform to local standards, I resolved to trailer my boat and seek a Miccosukee pole boat for the next day's hunt.

Similar to the Barnegat Bay sneak boat of the North Atlantic Coast, the Miccosukee pole boat, the Apalachicola Delta duck boat, and other specialized

(Continued on Next Page)



Gerhard Martens, of Melbourne, modeled his duck boat after the Barnegat Bay Sneak Box of the North Atlantic Coast, in order to hunt waterfowl on the open, and often rough waters of Lake Okeechobee.



(Continued from Preceding Page)

boats, are the result of years of experimentation and countless miles of poling through the canes and over the mud flats.

Knowledge gained as the result of countless years of boat building and designing, can with modern application produce a craft equal or superior to the one used by grandfather to traverse the marshes.

A splendid example as to the truth of this statement is the creation of the Duckmaster, a modern reproduction of the century-old Minnesota Muskeg pole

boat. This craft actually grew out of the request of an ardent duck hunter whose boat had suffered severely from the ravage of father time plus countless trips through the reeds and cypress brakes of Florida. Rather than depart from a time-proven design that could not be replaced plus a reluctance to abandon the craft that had provided transportation on many memorable waterfowling excursions, our hunter approached a boat building concern with a request to reproduce his ancient craft.

Using the original craft as a mold the Seafarer Boat Works of Tallahassee reproduced our wildfowlers boat, identical in design yet coupled with the improvements that are made possible through modern technique and fiberglass. The Duckmaster being produced today is a lighter and stronger boat yet retains the versatility and beautiful design of its ancient counterpart, the Muskeg pole boat of Minnesota marshes.

The morning's early light revealed a thin crusting of ice around the edges of the pond, confirming the hunters' earlier suspicion that this was one helluva cold day to be standing in water waiting for the ducks to fly. The small lake harbored three separate parties of hunters, each party with their decoys out waiting for the legal shooting hours. The early morning silence is broken by the whistle of widgeon overhead. They circle with cupped wings, and pitch in to the decoys and waiting hunters. The guttural barking of a twelve-gauge and yapping ring of a twenty shatter the pre-dawn solitude and three splashes are heard on the fog-shrouded surface of the lake. Hours later the flight ends with only an occasional high flying duck silhouetted against the morning sun.

Hunters waded out to retrieve their birds and decoys. One clad in hip boots, eases out on his toes in an attempt to reach a plump ringneck. Failing to reach his bird, he calls to his shooting companion sporting a pair of waders, who also fails to reach the downed

The duck boat can easily be turned into a duck blind (photo at top), is ideal for retrieving downed waterfowl and decoys; and provides a dry haven for shells, lunches and coffee.

Knowledge gained as the result of countless years of boat building and designing, can, with modern application, produce craft equal or superior to those used by grandfather.



A well placed load of fours dispatches the cripple, completing the hunter's limit, and saving another duck from waste. These waterfowlers performed their duty as conservationists in retrieving the cripple.

duck. Rather than risk water filled waders, he shrugs his shoulders in a "to hell with it" attitude and retreats, leaving the duck to any marauding varmint fortunate enough to find it.

On the other side of the lake a similar situation is encountered. However, these hunters are more resolute in their efforts. A coin spins in the frosted air, and one hunter with grim determination sheds boots and clothing, and risking pneumonia swims after a downed duck rather than leave it to the elements.

A third group of hunters do not bother to retrieve ducks or decoys, but unleash the straps holding a lightweight pirogue and return to the water carrying the craft between them. A quick launching and a shove with the push pole brings the first duck into reach of the hunter sitting in the bow. Ten minutes later the decoys are sacked, the dead ducks in the boat, and the search for that cripple is begun. Slowly poling through the grass patches, the hunters flush the cripple, a baldpate drake with a broken wing, unable to fly, but plenty lively. A well-placed load of fours dispatches the cripple, completing the hunters' limit and saving another duck from the ever-waiting varmints. The hunters return to their car with a limit of ducks, dry feet, and satisfied that they have not only enjoyed a perfect day in the duck marsh, but performed their duty as conservationists in retrieving the cripple.

Some will say, "Wouldn't a trained retriever eliminate this waste of our waterfowl?"

True, nothing can compare with a trained retriever. But, not every duck hunter has a retriever or can afford the time and expense of owning and training one, while the ownership of a duck boat would be a small investment, not only as insurance against wet feet and



unsuccessful hunting, but as an investment in the future of waterfowl hunting. A light cartop or general utility boat often is the answer to the duck hunter's dilemma.

Where does the family runabout, the utility, and the fishing boat fit into the duck hunting scene? Each winter many ducks are taken from the craft that played host to bluegill and bass the preceding summer. Carried on car top, trailer, or pick-up truck, the small utility and fishing boat does have a place in the waterfowl hunting picture. While not a specialized craft designed with mud and marsh in mind, a minimum of effort on the part of the hunter can adapt such boats for hunting under normal conditions. The red, blue, and white paint that decorates many boats might have been fine for the summer's bluegill, but is out of place when searching for ducks. The theory that waterfowl are color blind and can see only varying shades of grey is fine so far as theory goes. However, don't try to convince a duck hunter that a wary black duck will not spot such an odd colored craft and flare out of range of the largest magnum. The sunrise of many beautiful Indian summer days will find the wildfowler in close companionship with an assortment of brushes, and paint pots, busily mixing and matching pigments. The boat must blend with the greens, browns, and yellows of the cattails and bulrushes of the marsh, and the greys and greens of mosses and trees found along the ponds and potholes. The beautiful chrome hardware receives generous applications of sandpaper and paint to eliminate any possible telltale

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This veteran of numerous trips across mud flats and sand bars of the delta marshes, failed to navigate through the reeds and bonnets of Lake Miccosukee.

THE SKIN



The deer furnishes
meat for the
table, trophies for the
den, and leather
for a variety of items.

OF THE BUCK

By JACK SHOEMAKER

FLORIDA DEER HUNTERS this season can have their cake and eat it too. They can sink their teeth into succulent venison steaks and chops, they can hang up a deer with a fine set of antlers, and they can enjoy custom-made clothes or leather goods from the hide of their kill.

Thousands of sportsmen in this State will tramp the woods or wait at a deer stand in an effort to get a deer this fall or winter. Many will return home with meat for the table, and numerous will be the racks or heads mounted for the den.

Thousands of hides, however, will be tossed out to rot and waste, and hundreds of potential leather gloves, moccasins, jackets and other accessories will be lost to the hunter. It's strange that these same sportsmen who believe in the conservation of wildlife will permit the loss of such a valuable portion of the game animal.

It matters not whether the deer has been killed by the bow and arrow, or by the shotgun or by the rifle. The hide in many cases can be skinned and handled properly and then tanned and fashioned into a useful piece of clothing or other leather goods.

Every year some hunters take advantage of having the buckskins put to this use after learning that it can be done, and from then on they become avid fol-

lowers of the program of putting the hides to the best possible use. Even some of them, however, damage the skins by improper methods of skinning or handling, and we'd like to suggest the following procedure in order that a good hide will not be spoiled or otherwise devaluated:

1. Spread deer hide out flat, flesh side up as soon as removed from the deer.
2. Remove all tallow or flesh left on hide after skinning, as it has a tendency to heat the hide in spots where it is the thickest, causing a poor quality of leather.
3. Sprinkle entire surface of flesh side with plenty of common table salt. Salt cannot damage hide, so



J. R. Styres carefully inspects the many deer skins sent to his company each year. A check is made for imperfections which sometimes result from faulty skinning procedures.

don't spare it. Salt especially well around bullet holes and bloody spots. Leave hide spread out for about two days.

4. Fold hide into bundle, leaving salt on the inside. Tie bundle firmly with twine, put into strong burlap bag or cardboard box and ship to leather manufacturer.

If the hides have been stretched and dried (as some folks like to do) don't fold or crush the hide. If you're interested in having some clothes or leather goods made from the hide, roll it up and send it to the leather company. Otherwise, you'll break the grain of the hide and cause the loss of good leather.

When the buckskin is properly tanned, hides can be made into wallets, pouch, bag, pair of gloves, mittens, moccasins, jacket, key case, ties or any other article of leather.

Deer skins, depending upon their size and assuming proper attention has been given to skinning and handling, average about 11 square feet of leather. A deer that dresses out at 100 pounds should yield 8 square feet of leather; 150 pounds, 11 feet; and 200 pounds, 15 feet.

To give you some idea of what can be made from a certain amount of leather, here are some figures:



This jacket, wallet, handbag, gloves, and moccasins, are just a few of the many things that can be made from deerskins.



Miss Aileen White and Jim Styres display some of the items made from skins sent to their plant at Little Falls, New York, by hunters from throughout America.

The average pair of gloves or moccasins will take about three square feet of leather; handbags, six to seven feet; wallets, one and one-half feet; and jackets, from 30 to 45 feet, depending upon the size and style.

Such use of deer hides provide excellent trophies for you and your friends. They make wonderful gifts that cannot be purchased anywhere, a treasured by-product of your hunt, and something that will give you long and profitable service.

There are a number of companies throughout the country that specialize in such work, with one of the foremost being the J. R. Styres Company., P. O. Box 554, Little Falls, New York. This company is highly skilled in this work and you may send your hides to them with confidence. The workmen there have had years of experience in turning out top quality deerskin leather products. Write them for one of their informative, illustrated catalogs.

One thing that deer hunters should remember is that they can usually get these products in time for use as Christmas presents, if they send in their hides soon enough. It's important, however, that hides be sent in just as soon as possible in order that the specialists may begin their work. The prices charged for any piece of clothing or leather goods are much lower than you would pay for the same item in any retail store.

And more than one hunter in Florida has had his friends over for a Christmas dinner of venison steaks and a gift made of leather . . . all from the same deer.

Some hunters don't want to go to the trouble and expense of sending away their hides and many of them have done their own tanning at home. By using the

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GOOSE SHOOTING IN SOUTH FLORIDA?

Maybe!

By CLEVELAND VAN DRESSER

WILL SOUTH FLORIDA nimrods ever get a chance to shoot a wild goose along the lower East Coast?


That is a question that interests the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in general, and Jake Valentine in particular. Jake Valentine, be it known, is the manager of the Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge, a 145,000-acre federal area at the eastern edge of the Glades which stretches from the Palm Beach Canal south to the Hillsboro Canal.

By way of explanation, wild geese generally do not come as far south as Florida to spend the winter. There is an exception, however, for a good sized flock winters every year at the St. Marks National Refuge on the Gulf Coast near Tallahassee. It is the only flock of any size that each year comes to the Sunshine State.

In main, wild geese, mainly the big Canadas, winter along the coast in the Carolinas. Apparently these majestic birds haven't heard about the pleasure of spending the cold months in Florida's balmy clime.

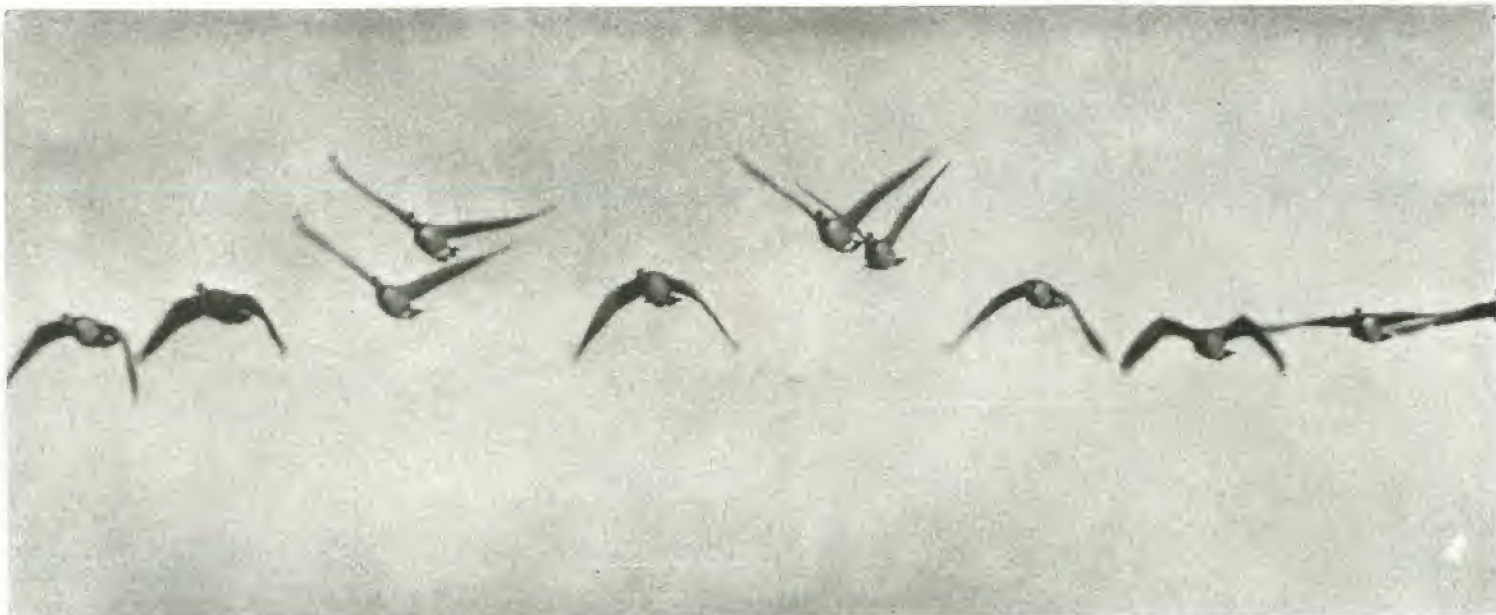
All wildlife experts know that geese are creatures of habit and tradition — what was good enough for papa and mama goose is good enough for junior and all subsequent offspring, which accounts for the fact that wild geese spend the winter year after year in the same place their forefathers did. The same situation applies to nesting areas for geese. The birds return year after year to the same localities in the north for the business of housekeeping and raising their young.

Some years ago the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service did an unprecedented thing — established a nesting area in Northern Michigan. Utilizing the age-old tradition that geese return to the scene of their birth to raise their young (much as salmon return to the stream in which they were hatched in order to spawn), scientists of the Service obtained about 50 wild geese, pinioned them and confined them at the Seney Na-



As it is now,
most Canada geese
traveling the Atlantic
Flyway winter in the Carolinas.

The newest program
to get the birds to winter
in Florida has been
started at the Loxahatchee
National Wildlife Refuge



With some luck and persistence, flocks of geese might flight into southern Florida like these arriving at the St. Marks Refuge, just south of Tallahassee.

Commission Photo by Wallace Hughes

tional Wildlife Refuge in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

The captive birds raised young, which flew south the following fall. After months of anxious waiting, several of the young geese returned to Seney the next spring. The birds were banded, so there could be no mistake as to identification.

The return of the young geese to Seney signalled the success of the experiment. Since that time the nesting flock in Northern Michigan has been built up to more than 20,000 birds and it is still growing!

In the case of the goose flock that winters at St. Marks, nature gave man a good start. There were Canadas in the area to begin with. Man increased the attractiveness of the region by creating ponds and canals and planting more goose food. There was a time, not too many years ago, when the farmers around St. Marks were raising Holy Ned because the geese were feeding on their peanuts and corn. That was when the Fish and Wildlife Service stepped in and began raising more food for waterfowl. The geese had grown so much in numbers that they ate all the natural wild foods and were raiding the farmers' crop lands.

As things stand now, most farmers want the geese, even though a certain amount of crop raiding still goes on. The farmers make more money renting their lands for goose blinds than they do selling the crops raised on those lands.

Incidentally, the St. Marks flock nests way up in Hudson's Bay, which gives a good idea of how strong is tradition among Canada geese.

With the Loxahatchee Refuge it is a different proposition. No goose, Canada or otherwise, had ever been seen so far south on the East Coast before. So it was a case of starting from scratch, with only previous ex-

perience with other areas as any sort of yardstick.

Manager Jake Valentine is trying the St. Marks idea at the Loxahatchee Refuge. He does not expect to induce Canada geese to nest at the refuge — that is out of the question — but he does hope to get them to return to winter in this area.

One of the more important factors in seeking to establish Canada geese on any area, whether it be for nesting or wintering, is to start off with enough of the birds to give the program a chance of success. In the past, a few Canadas — about 20 — were wing clipped and set free on the Loxahatchee Refuge. Results from these efforts were negligible. Few if any of the geese returned the following winter.

However, the 1958-59 program witnessed some drastic changes. In the first place, Valentine planted several hundred acres of rye, millet and chufa, — the types of food preferred by Canada geese, as well as all species of waterfowl. Then, late in 1958 he obtained 100 wild Canadas, pulled out their wing feathers and turned them loose on the refuge. By November, four weeks after they were released, the birds could fly again. They had become accustomed to their new surroundings and liked the set-up so well they stayed around for the balance of the winter. They fed on the food plots during the early morning and evening hours, and flew out to the watery parts of the Glades during the daytime. By mid-February they had all left for the north.

The question now is what will become of these geese? Will they remember their lush surroundings of last winter and head for the Loxahatchee Refuge next winter, or will they join other flocks and stay in the Carolinas, as do so many of their brethren?

Judging from past experiences at Seney, St. Marks and other wildlife refuges where geese have been established, Valentine has a pretty good chance of start-

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RED DOG OF LOGAN'S ROAD

By BRETT BARTON

They said Red was too
headstrong and unpredictable
and even accused
him of being a deer killer



I FIRST MET RED ONE cold starlit evening as I entered the small back room of Ed Tern's garage. He lay behind the glowing log stove and when I stepped through the door he turned liquid-brown eyes slowly in my direction. His glance was openly suspicious. His high-domed head, I noted, typical of the Irish setter, was crudely bandaged.

Over the years Tern's smoke-filled room had become a favorite after dinner gathering place for sportsmen. It had been that way ever since the first fall I'd wandered into this small northern Florida hill country town to enjoy the upland bird shooting. Here it was the habit of the village outdoorsmen to play poker and discuss women and guns — and what may have taken place earlier in the day in the surrounding fields and woods.

"Whose bird dog is that?" I asked them now. "And what happened to his head?"

"He belongs to your friend."

"Logan?" I could feel a familiar flush mounting.

"Logan."

"He's beat the poor dawg ever since he got him."

"Why?"

"Stubborn, I reckon. Won't obey worth a darn."

I could understand an Irish setter being stubborn.

Occasionally you do get a headstrong one, and when that happens there's not much can be done. But to beat an animal brutally like this . . . well, you had to know burly Buck Logan before you could fully understand that.

"I found Red on my back step last night," lanky Ed Tern told me in a low voice. "From the blood on him I guess he couldn't have gone much farther."

"Buck'll be beatin' hell outta you, too, iffen you got any ideas about messin' around with his dawg."

This last warning was tossed at me by Lippy Horner, a beetle-browed little man who had been known to work as part-time timber cruiser for Logan's sawmill operations.

I studied Horner coldly for a moment. I didn't like him. Instead of enlarging on it, however, I walked over to the stove with its simmering rusty water pan on top. There I hunkered down beside the injured setter.

I reached out to undo the blood-stained bandage and immediately a warning growl rumbled from deep in the red-coated chest. When I went right on the

long upper lip suddenly quivered, then arched into an ugly line. In that instant while the long white fangs threatened I felt there must be wolf strain in this dog before me.

Then I had the bandage off and was talking soothingly to the tense animal. The wound was deep, ugly. It could have been made by a tire iron; the sort of bludgeon only a brutal man like Logan would use.

Perhaps in that tense moment while our glances had met and locked the setter may have sensed that I, too, had reason to detest Buck Logan. For now, to the surprise of those watching, the curled lip slowly lowered, the pink tongue came out and licked my fingers gratefully.

I proceeded to wash out the wound and bind up the big head with strips of clean cloth that Tern provided. And as I worked I felt my feelings mounting toward Red's owner. Buck Logan had long stood as the one sour note for me in this little community. Three years before, when I'd first started coming here, several of us had been deer hunting in a nearby swamp. Logan had deliberately double-shot my buck. I'd seen him do it. But at his belligerent insistence that he'd shot first, I'd let him get away with claiming the prize. At the time it had seemed the sporting

thing to do. I hadn't known the surly timberman's character — then.

The others had known, however. They'd known, too, that the deer was rightfully mine. Hence it was only natural that afterward they should suspect what they did about me. For after I'd returned to the city Logan had branded me as being yellow, bragging that he'd deliberately taken the deer from me.

The next season, when I returned and learned of the lie, it was too late to make an issue of it; it would have sounded like sour grapes. But ever since I'd sensed the vague barrier between myself and the hardbitten outdoorsmen of the village who would otherwise have been my good friends. And so I'd become resentful of Logan, anxious for an opportunity to square accounts.

This, then, seemed to be that opportunity.

I glanced around at Lippy Horner. "I like this red setter," I told him quietly. "I have an idea Buck Logan will never strike him again."

Horner licked his thin lips. "You're asking for it, sport."

Without another word I gathered up the big dog and carried him to the rear seat of my sedan, parked outside. Then I drove off in search of the sawmill owner.

Logan lived in an unpainted frame building that overlooked a once-active orchard. The front yard was littered with rusting truck bodies and odd bits of sawmill machinery. When he threw back the kitchen door in response to my repeated loud knocking it didn't require a drunkometer to tell me he'd been fighting the bottle. His big face looked lumpy, glowering.

"What'cha want?"

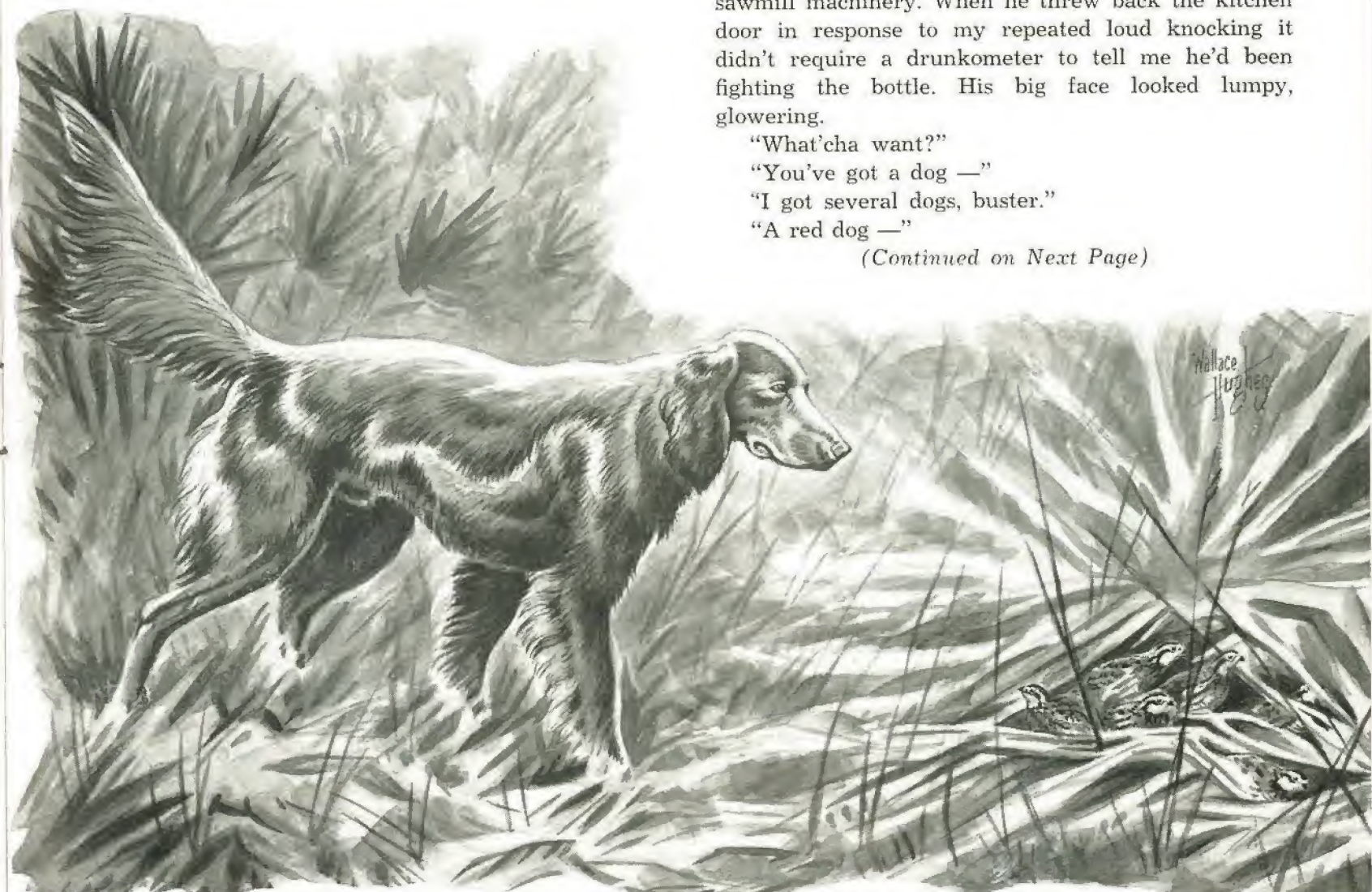
"You've got a dog —"

"I got several dogs, buster."

"A red dog —"

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At the far edge of the field, Red
froze onto quail. He looked
regal; and then —



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"Red? Where is he?"

"In my car."

Without another word he brushed past me. Stumbling slightly, he made the sedan, jerked open the rear door. With a single brutal motion he pulled out the injured setter. Then he proceeded to kick the weakened animal—yelping and snarling painfully—into the kerosene lamp lighted kitchen.

I tried repeatedly to stop him. "Look here, Logan—"

Just in time I ducked the vicious swing in the dark. If he hadn't been boozed up it probably would have floored me.

"Get out!" he roared. "Get off my land before I take my rifle to you!"

With that the kitchen door slammed.

I retraced my steps uncertainly to the car. One side of my face felt sandpapered and swollen. I decided to return to get the town constable.

Ed Tern, however, talked me out of it. "Wait until morning," he advised gruffly. "You couldn't get a hearing tonight, anyway. And if you go back there—even with the Law—Logan is apt to come out shootin', especially if he's drunk."

Next morning I felt punk. I hadn't slept much. But that wasn't the real reason, I knew. Logan had managed to push me around—again. My swollen cheek confirmed it.

I drove down the main street, enroute to the hardware store to buy some bird loads. Then I saw Red. He lay in the dirt beside the wooden steps that led into the one-room barbershop building. The bandage was gone from his head.

"Come here, boy," I called, getting out quickly. What's he gone and done to you now?"

He came, tail wagging hesitantly. He was limping.

Red stood back and watched while I faced Logan



I put him carefully inside my car. Then I stepped into a nearby grocery for crackers and a quart of milk for him. When I emerged several men stood together on the far side of the street, watching me. One was Lippy Horner.

I drove off with Red. I knew what this meant, of course. Logan would be furious. When next we met he would probably come wading in, ham-like fists swinging. And I had no foolish illusions of being able to put him away easily.

But right at the moment I didn't care.

I drove a half dozen miles north of the small town, then swung back westward on secondary roads until we'd reached an overgrown field of young pine. Here I concealed the car. Beyond lay an abandoned farm and several neglected orchards that usually provided good bird cover.

I wanted to see how Red behaved himself on birds; if he was really stubborn, as Logan had been claiming.

It was quiet here. The quiet that comes with frost-color painted woods in fall.

I slipped a couple 7½ chilled hulls into my double-barreled 12 gauge. Then we started carefully across the first orchard. Red worked slowly, testing the brown grass with his long nose, now and then pausing to glance back at me. I made no effort to hurry him. I knew he must be weak.

In the distance a pair of crows burst noisily upward from a stand of maple, disturbed by something. I caught myself wondering a little nervously if it could be Logan. It wouldn't be good to encounter the big mill operator out here alone. For that matter, from now on it probably wasn't going to be good for me to encounter him anywhere.

Red paused before a tangled patch of briar and laurel. For a second it looked like he was going to point. Then he relaxed and continued on his way. The little stinkbird that fluttered up and away from the thicket hadn't fooled him at all.

"Good boy," I called softly.

We continued cautiously forward, working into a crisp breeze that carried with it all the aromatic spices that one comes to expect of the hunting woods: pungent pine, the acrid trace of distant wood smoke, the sharp, unmistakable promise of approaching winter.

Then, at the far edge of the field, the big Irish setter froze onto quail. I'd been almost certain we'd find birds in the thickly grown drainage ditch that lay there. Now I was rewarded by the fine picture of Red with feathery chestnut tail straight outstretched, right foreleg bent and lifted off the ground. He looked regal.

"Look at that," I heard myself observing aloud. "I knew that guy Logan was crazy."

Hardly had I spoken, however, when Red broke the point. Before I could stop him he was dashing into the cover after the birds.



Logan's eyes had taken on a hot, eager look.

"Whoa! Wait, boy. They will —"

Too late, the plump birds bounced up from the ditch, flying confusingly low in all directions.

Bang! A clean miss. *Bang!* Another hasty miss.

Only at the sound of the double explosion did Red stop. He turned then, returning reluctantly to me. He looked furtive, like he expected a beating.

He didn't get, it. Instead, we returned to the car and started homeward. I didn't say a word. But I was thinking hard.

So preoccupied had I become that by the time I reached the old family residence where I rented a room I hardly noticed the several cars drawn up in the front yard. At once the half dozen men who'd been standing there, talking, now moved toward me. One was Buck Logan, accompanied by his shadow, Lippy Horner. Another was the town Constable.

"Come out of that car!" Logan snarled at me.

"Calm down!" the lawman snapped at him. He looked at me. "I've received a complaint that you stole a dog." His face looked hard, displeased.

"I don't feel 'stole' is the right word," I told him, getting out. "Let's say I 'saved' the dog."

"Logan has been beating that dog ever since —" Ed Tern began.

"I know all that," the Constable interrupted impatiently. He scowled at me significantly. "It would simplify things if you guys could get together on a price for this setter."

I didn't miss the crafty expression this brought to the unshaven face of Red's owner. "All right," I agreed quickly. "How much, Logan?"

"He's not for sale, sport."

"I've got twenty-five bucks."

"A hundred."

"Fifty."

"Look you — it'll be two hundred in a minute!" His rheumy dark eyes had taken on a hot, eager look.

"Fifty bucks, Logan."

His mouth twisted. But what he read in my face must have convinced him that was all. "Okay, fifty then."

I took out my wallet and paid him in cash, so all could see. He and Lippy Horner were smirking as they walked away together.

"You were a sucker," Ed Tern told me disgustedly after the Constable and the others left, too.

"We'll see," I replied flatly. Secretly, however, I felt he would probably prove right.

Ed Tern knows bird dogs. That's why he is invariably put in charge of the annual field trials that the little town stages during the final week of each bird season. But he acted openly skeptical of Red's ability.

"Too headstrong, too unpredictable," he would mutter each time we took the rapidly recovering setter afield with us, trying to work him alongside Ed's own fine animals.

Nevertheless, the big red dog started to reveal encouraging traits. For one thing, responding to our kindness, he'd dropped completely the slinking, whipped look whenever he fouled up a point. And he seemed more eager than ever to oblige us. Me, in particular. I liked that.

"I want to enter him in the Last Day event," I told Ed impulsively one evening after dinner. "What do you think of his chances?"

"You're crazy." Still, I saw a thoughtful look come into his eye as he said it.

With that we began to train Red harder than ever. And the setter rewarded us by responding very favorably. When the day came that Ed finally succeeded in breaking the big Irishman of the habit of rushing in on birds he admitted to me for the first time that I stood a good chance of getting back my fifty dollars' worth — many times over.

For Red's nose was becoming really amazing.

But then, hardly a week before the big Last Day event, trouble developed. I'd already signed Red up as an entry, and I'd been expecting trouble. Things had gone too well.

"There's talk goin' around this setter has been chasing deer," the Constable announced, coming into Ed Tern's garage one evening and staring down at Red where he lay in his customary place beside the stove in the back room. "And if he is . . . well, once a deer killer always a killer, and I'm afraid a bullet through the head will be the only solution."

"I don't believe it," I snapped. "We've had Red sleeping in here every night."

"Who claims he saw him running deer?" Ed Tern asked quietly. "Buck Logan, I'll bet."

The Constable nodded, frowning uncomfortably. "That's the only reason I'm not picking him up now."

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But if anyone else should see him . . . well, I'll have no choice."

After he'd gone Ed and I talked it over. Actually, there *had* been a night or two when we couldn't have accounted for every hour of Red's presence. But then any dog can expect to enjoy a few hours of freedom. As for being a killer . . . it just didn't tie in. He was too friendly, too relaxed.

Nevertheless, after the lawman's visit I caught myself studying the powerful chestnut setter covertly in spite of my better judgment. There were those mornings when he'd seemed to have little appetite. Now I seemed to catch him often licking clean his chops, although never was I able to detect any telltale blood signs there. And when I took out the car to exercise him over the packed snow beside the highway after a storm he seemed to run just like a wolf. . . .

And then, the very night before the field trials, the worst happened: Red managed to slip out of Tern's garage unobserved. There had been a larger than usual number of hunters present, dropping in and out during the evening to discuss the big event on the morrow. It may have been only coincidence that Lippy Horner was one of these. Nevertheless, Red was gone.

Not until the following morning did I see him again, either. He was waiting on my back step and at sight of my gun and hunting coat he could hardly contain his excitement.

"He sure looks like he's been on the prowl all night," Ed Tern mused as he got his own dogs ready.

"If only I had some way of telling definitely," I said glumly.

The big contest got underway promptly at the appointed time. Buck Logan was one of the dozen men present. He'd brought with him a pair of spooky, hungry-thin pointers. He didn't even look at us, and Ed and I were soon off on our own, working our dogs through a series of willow bottoms in a shady creek

bed where we expected to encounter bobwhites.

Ed's wise old setter bitch, Nellie-Bly, pinned down the first bird. It took place before a small grassy slope and both Red and the other male dog, a youngster, honored the old lady's point beautifully.

Red found a covey of quail and stood like a rock while we brought down three of the fat brown birds. I caught Ed looking at me and tossed him a broad grin. So far so good.

It was another beautiful woodland day, crisp and clear and exciting. Now and then in the distance we could hear gunfire as the dogs of the other contestants brought birds into position for their owners.

Red came toward me, wagging his tail and thrusting his cool nose into the palm of my hand. He had developed a habit of doing this every now and then while we hunted, and now I rubbed one silken red ear affectionately. It wasn't hard for me to visualize long pleasant winter evenings ahead for both of us, him stretched out beside a warm stove somewhere while I perhaps listened to the voice of the wind in the stovepipe and oiled my guns, dreaming of future fun.

Leaving me again, the wolf-like dog began once more to make long casts back and forth through the creek bottom, his wonderful nose overlooking nothing. He had ranged ahead a longer distance than usual when suddenly I saw him stop before a tangle of down timber branches.

"He's got a ringneck," I told Ed proudly. "I'd be willing to bet on it." There were a few around here.



"Herb's a REAL beachcomber."

The other two dogs had been working to one side. They moved up now and promptly froze into position behind Red. They couldn't match the big setter for grace and beauty, however. His was one of the most beautiful magazine cover points I'd ever seen.

"Okay, it's your bird," Ed announced, grinning. "Go in and fetch him."

Red remained like a rock. In that moment I knew I had a dog who in time would prove almost priceless to me.

"Scr-e-e-e! Scr-e-e-e! The big ringneck cock sailed skyward, giving the characteristic sharp cry.

Bang!

It required only a single shot, so perfectly had Red revealed the pheasant's location. The gorgeously-colored bird folded up in mid-beat, falling unceremoniously into the branches of a sapling.

We hunted on, taking more quail as we moved out of the creek bottom and into surrounding fields of Indian grass, painted golden yellow by the bright rays of the climbing sun.

Every now and then Red would continue to run back to me, thrusting his nose into my hand and smiling up at me. I felt awfully good.

It was customary for the field trial contestants to meet for lunch in a small hollow. We'd been making for this spot and had just topped the last rise, Red ranging on ahead, when I heard the single spiteful gun blast. It was followed immediately by a shrill, painful yelping that made me feel suddenly cold. The cry had come from my setter.

Pushing through the last few feet of cover, I looked down into the glade. Red was racing on three legs toward a distant copse of woods. There was an ugly patch of blood on his glossy coat. A couple times he stumbled weakly, each time recovering himself frantically as though his life depended upon it.

Slightly apart from a group of hunters who'd already reached the luncheon site stood Buck Logan,

poised shotgun still in hand as he watched the departing dog. "I saw him again last night, the *——!" he yelled. "Running deer, same as usual."

Enraged, I started toward him. A powerfully built man in a green mackinaw detached himself quickly from the group and beat me to it, however. When I got there Logan was already lying prostrate on the cold ground, blood on his thick lips, his unshaven face surly even in unconsciousness.

"The dirty swine!" I sobbed.

We searched far and wide for Red — all of us but Logan — calling his name repeatedly, studying each new patch of earth for blood signs.

We found nothing. I didn't realize it then, but I would never see Red again. Nor would anyone in the town or surrounding area ever be able to supply me with a valid clue as to what might have become of him.

Later I threw the legal book at Logan, of course: assault and battery, careless use of firearms — everything the Constable and I could think of. It cost him, including a few days in jail, too. But it was poor solace for me.

Red was gone. And there was little doubt in my mind that his last thought of me must have been bitter for not having afforded him better protection from the ruthless Logan. Surely he had given his all for me. Sadly, I eventually returned to the city alone.

And now, on those still, cold winter nights that I'd hoped we could share together I find myself sitting quietly beside a glowing stove somewhere, thinking of the big red setter. Is he still alive somewhere? If so, does he remember me; how I first bound up his wounded head, the affection we shared. I find myself wondering whether he really had hot wolf blood in his veins. And when I think of that I catch myself conjecturing, too, whether burly Buck Logan, despite his obviously untrustworthy nature, actually *had* seen Red dragging down fleeing deer. ●

SKIN OF THE BUCK

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acid-tanning method (article in Florida Wildlife, March 1959, by Morris H. Shaw, entitled TAN HIS HIDE) many do-it-yourself sportsmen have made picturesque trophies that will always remind them of their pleasant hours afield.

One of the most popular items made from buckskins is the fringed jacket. It's true that it may take several years to kill enough deer for sufficient leather for the jacket, but all indications are that it's well worth the wait. These jackets will stop the wind which cuts through normal fabrics and the skin won't catch on brambles, or rip and tear like other materials.

The fringe that many persons have put on their jackets is a product of the frontier days. Early settlers found that buckskins could take the beating demanded by clothes

in the job of clearing the woods and building towns. They also discovered that the Indians wore fringe on their jackets because when exposed to rain, the fringe formed little rivulets which carried the rain away to drip off the jacket instead of soaking into the skin.

The idea of camouflage also increased the use of fringe since the definite outline of a man was concealed when seen at a distance, and the Indian scouts, frontiersmen and hunters found this to be extremely important when stalking animals or their enemies. The fringe also softened the rustle when passing through the brush.

While such jackets are useful for almost anyone, so are many of the other items that can be made from the hide that most hunters throw away after taking the meat, head and antlers. You can count your deer hunt a profitable experience if you utilize one of the most valuable portions of the whitetail deer . . . the skin of the buck. ●

GOOSE HUNTING SEASON

1959-60
SEASON OPEN
NOVEMBER 21
THRU
JANUARY 8
HUNTING PERMITTED
EACH DAY
FROM SUNRISE
TO
SUNSET

GOOSE HUNTERS
AGE 16 AND OVER
MUST HAVE A SIGNED
DUCK STAMP GLUED
TO THEIR
HUNTING
LICENSE

USE ONLY SHOTGUNS
NOT OVER 10 GAUGE
AND LIMITED TO 3 SHELL
CAPACITY

BAG LIMIT
2 GEESE PER DAY
POSSESSION LIMIT 4

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION



FLORIDA BIRDLIFE



Blue-gray Gnatcatcher,

Poliophtila caerulea.

A long black tail bordered with white and a conspicuous eye ring mark well this sprightly and vivacious woodland bird. Although it averages only 4½ inches in length, its constant and vigorous activity coupled with the characteristic call make it a species not easily overlooked.

The distinctive call is rather insect-like in quality and may be described as a humming buzz of high pitch. The song is a melodious warble, soft and chattery with something of a lisping quality.

The blue-gray gnatcatcher is found in Florida the year round. It nests in suitable areas throughout most of the state although apparently more commonly in the northern half. Considerable numbers of them are to be seen in mid-winter in the vicinity of Okeechobee and the Kis-

simmee Prairie and elsewhere in the central portion of Florida.

Resembling an enlarged hummingbird nest, the nest of this gnatcatcher is an artfully conceived and constructed cup of fine plant fibers, down, and grasses. Spider webs bind the material together and lichens fastened to the outer surface add a touch of decorative camouflage. The brown speckled pale blue green eggs average five to the clutch.

Insects appear to comprise the entire diet of the gnatcatcher. Woodlands of various types make up its favored habitat. The birds are most likely to be encountered in pine forests, cypress stands, and about hammocks. They also favor willow thickets that quite frequently flourish about roadside ditches.

Golden-crowned Kinglet, *Regulus gatrpa.*

Among the smallest birds of Florida are the kinglets, a distinction

that makes proper identification not too difficult. The Golden-crown averages about 4 inches in length, roughly the size of the chickadee but the kinglet's shorter tail gives the bird a stubby compact outline that readily sets it apart.

The black bordered crown is yellow in the female, orangish rimmed with yellow in the male. The upper plumage is olive gray, that of the underparts dull white.

The golden-crowned kinglet is a wintering species in the northern portion of the state. October is the month during which they generally arrive here. By the end of March, most if not all of the species, have left for the more northerly nesting areas.

These kinglets move about in small flocks, flying from tree to tree, pausing here and there to busily search the tips of branches for the insects that make up their diet. Frequently while hunting for food

the birds cling upside down to the undersurface of twigs and branches bringing the golden "trade mark" into easy view.

The three-noted lisping, high-pitched call is to be heard at all seasons of the year. The sound is ventriloquistic to some degree.

Ruby-crowned Kinglet, *Regulus calendula*.

Averaging only slightly larger than its golden-crowned relative, the ruby-crowned kinglet is a plump and active little bird of olive hued plumage. The white eye ring is the most distinctive mark of the species for the splash of red on the crown of the male is seldom noticeable to the observer in the field.

The species does not nest in the state being a winter resident only. Like the golden crown, the birds arrive in Florida usually during October. They seem to linger here somewhat longer than their relative form, however, for there may be some members of the clan still in Florida as late as mid-April or even after that. Some of the birds work as far down the state as the Everglades National Park but this far south it is hardly more than a casual visitor. From the vicinity of Lake Okeechobee northward it is quite common during the winter season.

While the golden-crowned kinglet feeds mainly in the upper reaches of the trees, the ruby-crown chooses to work lower to the ground in most cases. Thickets, especially along streams and about marshes seem to hold special attraction for the ruby crown.

A harsh grating call, similar to that of the wren, is the common sound associated with the bird during its winter sojourn in the south. The loud, melodious notes of its full song are rarely heard here.

Seeds and berries in small quantities supplement the predominantly insect diet.

Cedar Waxwing, *Bombycilla cedrorum*.

The crested head of the adult bird is the most immediately apparent identification characteristic of the

cedar waxwing. Upon closer inspection the red waxen tips of the secondaries from which the bird receives its common name, can hardly fail to attract comment because of its unusual character.

The plumage is predominantly brownish in hue and of soft appearance. The tip of the tail and the flanks are yellowish, the undertail coverts white.

Waxwings are gregarious birds moving about at all seasons of the year in flocks that may sometimes number a hundred or more individuals. The birds are noisy, continuously calling in flight as well as while feeding. The voice is a wheezy lisp that is most distinctive.

Mid-October is the time of the year when the birds normally arrive in the state. By the end of May or early June they have generally cleared the border on their northward movement.

Waxwings are fruit eaters essentially, taking quantities of wild fruits both fresh and dried. Now and again they hit cultivated fruit crops, especially cherries. Cedar berries and hackberries are two of the mainstays of their diet in the southern part of their range.

Loggerhead Shrike, *Lanius ludovicianus*.

"Butcherbird" is the name by which the loggerhead shrike is widely known throughout its extensive range in the United States. The excess lizards, frogs, grasshoppers, mice and other creatures which fall victim to the shrike's astonishing

eyesight and hunting prowess are commonly impaled on thorns or fence barbs like meat on the hooks in a butcher shop. In the north the shrike may return to eat the food thus stored but in Florida and other places where the food supply is abundant the year around, the birds seldom return to the cache. The scientific name of the bird makes note of this outstanding characteristic, for *Lanius* is Latin for butcher.

The shrike is about the size of the mockingbird, averaging 9 inches in total length. The gray, white, and black color pattern resembles somewhat that of the mockingbird and occasionally there may be some confusion in the mind of the casual observer between the two birds. French mockingbird is another of the common names applied to the shrike, taking note of the similarity of color pattern between the two species. The loggerhead however is a plump, big-headed, slender-tailed bird with a hooked beak, quite different in general outline from the mocker.

Fields, prairies, and open marshes are the hunting grounds of the shrike. Frequently they sit on poles, tree tops, or other high perches from which they can survey the country for some distance. The large insects such as grasshoppers and crickets which make up much of the diet are spotted from what are sometimes surprisingly long distances by the sharp eyed hunter.

With the exception of the Keys where it is seldom encountered, the bird is a year around resident throughout the state. The bulky nest made up of twigs, stems, and grass, is interlined with softer material such as fine plant fiber, feathers, and plant down. The loggerhead's 4 to 6 white eggs are heavily marked with brownish pigment.

Nesting activity starts early in Florida with February and March seeing many new shrike families underway. There are records of nesting continuing into early June in the state although most shrikes are well over these duties by that time. ●



BAG THAT BUCK

(Continued from Page 23)

originally designed to kill feathered game in flight — not deer.

Two factors have contributed to the increased use of shotguns for deer hunting: (1) The necessity for hunting deer in heavily wooded country where a shotgun is often more effective than a rifle at close range, and (2) public opinion that shotguns are safer to use in areas where many deer hunters simultaneously seek their game.

It is even conceivable that shotguns may eventually replace rifles altogether for deer hunting. Some states already restrict weapon choice to shotguns firing either buckshot or slugs. Florida prohibits big game hunting with a handgun, and deer hunting in the Air Force-controlled Eglin Field area may be done only with shotguns loading not more than three shells, and with bows and arrows.

Seemingly, such public sentiment should result in a reduction in our annual hunting accident toll. Actually, it does not — because hunting safety is based not on the weapons used by hunters, but on careful gun handling.

It will pay you to notice exactly what happens when you fire at a buck, and to evaluate subsequent story-telling or probable factors.

There is a belief that a hit on a deer will always be indicated by noticeable dropping of the tail from flag position. Usually this is a significant sign, but not inviolately so. Other manifestations are likely to be more story-telling. Let's start with what may happen at the moment of firing.

A deer hit in the paunch will hunch up and drop its tail at the impact of the bullet, and soon seek thick cover where it can hide. If the deer stops running soon after being hit, chances are good your shot hit the vital liver or kidneys. If your wounded deer travels far after indicating a paunch hit, your



During a deer drive each hunter should remain in his assigned spot, and resist temptation to move to another location.

slug probably passed through entrails or stomach.

A buck merely grazed by a shot across head, neck or lower front part of the body will usually first rear back before fleeing the scene.

One that falls at the shot, but regains its feet and bounces away apparently unhurt, may have been creased across the back or hit on its antlers.

If your target jumps straight up



"No more pointers on fishing for you!"

without haunching as you fire, your shot probably hit low.

If you anchor your buck with your first shot, close in quickly. If the eyes are closed, administer a coup de grâce; if the deer remains motionless with eyes open, the animal can be considered dead.

Tracks of escaping deer tell a story, too. Besides looking for a blood trail, examine the tracks themselves. If they wobble back and forth from a center line of travel, the deer has been hard hit. Stick to its trail; you'll likely bag your buck. However, if the tracks stay close to center line of travel, and three of the hoof prints are clear while the fourth noticeably drags, only a leg wound is likely to be the case.

Deer hit in a hind leg cannot long continue to climb hilly areas and must soon seek level ground or travel downhill. A hit in a front leg is not as serious, and a deer so wounded can cover a lot of country, although it will have difficulty running downhill. Even so, your eventual kill chances will be slim.

A buck hit in the brisket or in areas that cause bleeding, but not accompanying weakness or disability, may require a long time to again bring under the gun — if at all. Tracks may be combined with a well defined blood trail, but with no indication of weakening stride or deviation from a center line of travel.

Veteran deer hunters maintain a wounded deer will try to reach water while he still has sufficient strength. When a deer is wounded and lost, they recommend careful hunting of areas close to water sources.

The magic formula of applied knowledge and preparation will often pay off in deer hunting, but you still have to be at the right place at the right time.

As a Florida backwoods' character once solemnly summed up this writer's hunting chances at the start of a hunt, "If you is, and they is — you is! If you is, and they ain't — you ain't!" He certainly spoke the gospel truth! ●

FAST SHOOTING

(Continued from Page 13)

toward the down bird.

Following in the guide's splashing wake, I was taken completely un-awares when he stopped abruptly. "Mark — left."

The climbing rail had jumped with a cry that spelled derision in every harsh syllable. This time I fought off the first impulse to snap shoot. Instead, I brought the automatic up deliberately, letting the end of the barrel obscure the rapidly diminishing blur . . .

Whammo!

The feathered body tumbled end over end and landed just offshore, where it floated, bellyup.

I caught myself turning triumphantly to see what the dour-faced Labrador thought of that kind of shooting. He wasn't looking. He'd already gone after the bird.

"That was some better," Cap'n Bart offered cautiously.

The returning dog shook himself and presented me with a bird about 10 inches long and slightly wider in wingspread. Dull brown top coloring gave way to a mottled brown and white beneath the wings and along the body. Two-thirds of what would have been the standing height was made up of long, chicken-like legs. A stubby, upturned tail — not unlike that of a sharp-tailed grouse — added to a curving yellow bill to lend just claim to the nickname "mud hen."

The guide stuffed my prize into the game pocket of his canvas hunting coat. "We better git that cripple — if we ain't too late already," he said.

The dog proved invaluable now. After a half dozen casts, sometimes half-swimming in his eagerness, he flushed the wounded bird from inside a reed clump. Instead of trying to fly, however, the rail skittered clumsily away onto the open water nearby.

"Look out, boy," Cap'n Bart warned the Labrador. "He's gonna trick yuh."

Just then the rail went under, leaving a widening ring of ripples.

The dog was after it with a splash, swimming strongly as he covered the intervening distance.

The bird, meanwhile, had not come up.

Reaching the spot, the retriever circled once. Then he dove, throwing black rump and legs skyward as he went down. When he came up again he had the kicking bird between his jaws.

"A wounded 'hen' will do that sometimes," the guide explained as he quickly dispatched the bird. "They'll go down and work their outstretched wings into the grass — drown themselves, rather than be taken."

We next took the boats into a winding creek. We followed it, watching carefully the turns and letting the Labrador beat out each likely looking point to its very end

before we left it. I managed to get in several "shots" with my camera, too.

Lunch time was upon us before I realized it. With the sun warm against our coat collars now, we settled upon a grassy hammock and attacked the thick sandwiches we carried.

Between smacking mouthfuls the old guide reminisced of the old days when the ducks used to drop in and sit by the thousands, gabbling and talking throughout the long night until the tenderfoot hunters, tossing in their bunks in the gunning shanties, could hardly wait for the alarm clocks to jangle off.

Under the spell of the warm sun the marsh insects had come to life, chirping and humming their song of contentment. I watched a pair of red-wing blackbirds fussing in a reed cluster. I followed the lazy meanderings of a big brown butterfly.

"Imagine me — a duck hunter," I said, grinning. "Out in butterfly weather — and liking it."

Bart grinned back. I found I had begun to like him and his dog, too.

Before the sun settled earthward again, this time as a great burnt-orange ball that hung low over the pine-spired mainland across the bay, I managed to catch three more of the crazily flying railbirds in fatal patterns of the 7½ chilled.

That evening, in the yellow-lighted kitchen of his shanty, I watched

(Continued on Next Page)

WATERFOWL HUNTERS

Make certain you have a 1959-60 Federal migratory waterfowl hunting stamp before hunting waterfowl. Available from your local post office at a cost of \$3.00, the stamp is required of all waterfowl hunters 16 years of age or older.

Your name must be signed in ink across the face of the stamp before you hunt.

The Labrador Retriever with Mallard, shown at right, are featured on the 1959-60 stamp, and are from a drawing by Maynard Reece.



(Continued from Preceding Page)

Cap'n Bart prepare the birds for table. First, the skin was slit and pulled off, feathers and all. This left a red-meated carcass, much like a rabbit in texture. Next, the rails were cleaned and split neatly down the backbone. Dusted lightly with flour, quick-browned in butter in an iron frying pan, they were then covered with water and allowed to boil until tender.

Good? I had to admit Blue-Jowls had been right. They tasted as good as any black duck I'd ever wiped my napkin after. Shooting them had been exciting fun, too.

I mentioned my new boss to Cap'n Bart. A far-away look came into his old eyes. "Say, there's a dyed-in-the-wool duck hunter for yuh," he said warmly. "This'll be the first season he's missed with me in a long spell. For some reason or other he couldn't even make it down to shoot a few 'hens' this year."

I could have told him why. ●

GOOSE SHOOTING

(Continued from Page 31)

ing a successful program. It is hoped and expected that at least some of the Canadas will return to Loxahatchee. If this comes to pass, a definite start will have been accomplished and it is only a question of time until wintering Canada geese in considerable numbers will be a regular part of the waterfowl picture of South Florida.

The idea of this choice feeding is to impress the geese with the fine rations they can get if they come back to Loxahatchee. This isn't as crazy as it may sound, for once geese get the habit of returning to the same area, they are liable to bring their relatives and friends along to enjoy the pleasant surroundings. This scheme has proved most effective at Seney Refuge in Michigan, St. Marks in Florida, and

other refuge areas in other parts of the United States.

Several years ago there wasn't a wild Canada goose within miles of Seney — now they are there every summer by the thousands, and raising more and more young. The same situation applies to the Souris Refuges along the North Dakota-Canadian border. What has happened at St. Marks during the past 10 years is well known to most Florida gunners. Under the guidance of Paul Kreager, refuge manager, the flock has reached the respectable size of 20,000 birds every winter.

So it is Valentine's ultimate aim to get Canada geese to return to Loxahatchee every winter. Once they start coming of their own accord, their numbers will steadily increase.

The beauty of the plan, as far as sportsmen are concerned, is the fact that part of the Loxahatchee Refuge is open to public hunting, a situation that applies to relatively few federal migratory bird refuges, as most of them are sanctuaries in the fullest meaning of the word — no hunting allowed.

As of now, there is pretty fair duck shooting in the open area of Loxahatchee Refuge. It could and should get better. The main reason waterfowl frequent any given area is food and agreeable surroundings. The environment of the refuge is ideal for ducks and geese, but the quantity and quality of the food have been lacking. Valentine has remedied that by planting large areas to the type of food ducks and geese like.

It is not unreasonable to expect that before too many winters, South Florida hunters can load up their shotguns and go traipsing out into the water areas of Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge and bring back a Canada goose or two. It would be almost like hunting in your own back yard.

At any rate, Manager Valentine and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service hope this pleasant situation will come to pass. ●

DUCK HUNTING SEASON
1959-60

SEASON OPENS
AT 12 NOON TO SUNSET
NOVEMBER 30 -
AND EACH DAY FOLLOWING -
SUNRISE TO SUNSET
FROM
DECEMBER 1
THRU
JANUARY 8

QUACK!
QUACK!
SQUAWK!

LET'S SEE
RUDDY DUCK
REDHEAD -
BLUEBILL -
M-MUMBLE
MUMBLE

COMPLETE RULES
AND REGULATIONS
FOR DUCK, GOOSE
AND COOT HUNTING
AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR NEAREST
GAME COMMISSION
OFFICE IN
TALLAHASSEE
PANAMA CITY
LAKE CITY
OCALA
LAKE LAND
OKEECHOBEE

HOW TO
IDENTIFY
DUCKS

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH
WATER FISH COMMISSION

MUZZLE FLASHES

(Continued from Page 7)

ing, don't select your gun (in any gauge) with a barrel longer than 26" overall.

Already creating a sensation among shotgunners who use rifled slugs for deer is Ithaca's new Deerslayer Model 37 repeater. The new model features a super-accurate barrel, bored especially for use with standard, factory-loaded rifled slugs. With its factory-fitted adjustable rear sight and a newly designed style of Raybar front sight, the new Deerslayer shotgun has consistently delivered 2-inch spread 5-shot groups at 40 yards, and 9-inch groups at 100 yards.

While it has long been known that an accurately placed rifled shotgun slug packs plenty of knock-down power for the deer hunter, it's been a problem to find shotgun models and barrel borings capable of bringing out the inherent accuracy of the rifled slug. It is often necessary to do considerable experimenting to find a shotgun boring that is even close to being a true teammate for the hard-hitting, blunt-nosed slug. In the Model 37 Deerslayer, the necessary matching, as well as the preliminary targeting, is done by the factory.

Tests have shown the special boring given the Deerslayer shotgun barrels for accurate use with slugs is also something of a sensation at Skeet with conventional small shot loads and likewise an A-1 quail hunting barrel boring.

At present, the Deerslayer is furnished in 12, 16 and 20 gauge, and only with 26-inch barrel, with sling swivels for equipping the gun with a sling-strap. The standard model is \$105.00; the deluxe version, \$111.95. Extra barrels, bored for regular shot shells in your choice of choke, are \$46.95, factory-fitted.

If you already own a standard Model Ithaca 37, a 37 Deluxe, 37R, 37R Deluxe or 37T, you can have a Deerslayer barrel factory-fitted for

\$46.95. To make the installation, Ithaca has to have your entire gun, including its present barrel.

Over a period of time, every gun manufacturer gets some memorable correspondence from shooters using or interested in its products. The Ithaca Gun Company has had its share.

Unsolicited letters praising Ithaca products are frequent among incoming mail. Often they contain only one or two sentences: "I have been in the gun business more than 60 years and I have had only one Ithaca come into my shop for repairs." . . . "I have been shooting my Ithaca for 38 years and never had a bit of trouble."

There have also been a few gems of other vein. Two are worthy of mention here.

One mountaineer wrote in to say he owned an Ithaca Featherlight Model 37 pump gun which was a sure killer on all squirrels he shot on foggy or rainy days, but on clear,

sunny days he couldn't hit anything at all, and "what the h-ll was the matter" with his gun?

In answering an Ithaca magazine advertisement that wound up its pitch with the inducement "send 6c in stamps for catalog with gun, dog, and load information," another fellow sent in his 6c in stamps and stated he was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the catalog, the gun, the dog, and the load information! He went on to describe the kind of gun and dog he wanted. However, one thing worried him—he wanted to know who was going to pay the freight on the outfit!

How kind, considerate Shelly Smith, current president and son of the company's founder, handled that one, this Gun Editor is curious to know. One way or another, the letter writer probably wound up with an Ithaca—if not the dog—and, like other Ithaca gun owners, undoubtedly has been satisfied with it ever since. ●

**RULES AND REGULATIONS
DUCK HUNTING
1959-60 SEASON**



**FOR DUCK SHOOTING
USE ONLY SHOTGUNS
NOT LARGER THAN
10 GAUGE AND
LIMITED TO A
3-SHELL
CAPACITY**

**DUCK
HUNTERS
AGE 16 AND OVER—
REMEMBER—BUY
A DUCK STAMP AT
ANY U.S. POST
OFFICE—GLUE IT
TO YOUR HUNTING
LICENSE AND SIGN
YOUR NAME ACROSS
THE FACE OF IT
BEFORE YOU
GO
HUNTING**

**BAG LIMIT 4 DUCKS PER DAY
NO MORE THAN 8 IN POSSESSION**

**BAG LIMIT TO INCLUDE NOT MORE THAN
2 WOOD DUCKS - 1 HOODED MERGANSER AND NOT
MORE THAN 1 (NOT 1 EACH) OF THE FOLLOWING—
REDHEAD, CANVASBACK, RUDDY DUCK**

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION



THE FLORIDA BOATING Federation got its start at the annual meeting of the Wildlife Federation and is moving toward a permanent organization.

Temporary officers chosen at Daytona were Trevor Morris of West Palm Beach, president; J. P. Byram of Jacksonville, vice president and Vernadine Gallup of DeLand, secretary-treasurer. Permanent leaders were scheduled to be picked at a November meeting.

Avowed purposes of the group include the following aims:

Boating education in seamanship and safety; improvement of boating facilities; community service; group activities including regular meetings and the issuance of information bulletins; promotion of the use of marine fuel tax and boating registration collections for boating purposes; elimination of the personal property tax on boating equipment; reduction of water pollution and the securing of public access rights; protection against bridges and dams that could interfere with navigation.

The various sub-divisions of the federation are to be formed about metropolitan districts. District cities named so far are Jacksonville, Daytona Beach, West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, Miami, Key West, Tallahassee, Orlando, Pensacola, Tampa and Ft. Myers.

Federation Resolutions

Resolutions adopted at the annual Florida Wildlife Federation meeting included the following:

1. Opposition to constitutional revision regarding the make-up of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

2. Opposition to further sale of state owned coast line, lake shore

Federation Notes

By CHARLES WATERMAN

and bay bottoms to private interests.

3. Thanks to the attorney general's office for aid in legislative matters.

4. Thanks to the Outboard Boating Club of America for aid in legislative matters.

5. Appreciation to the Sears Roebuck foundation for aid in the Sportmen's Clubs Awards Program.

6. Appreciation to the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission for assignment of a public relations officer.

7. Thanks to the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs, Federation of Garden Clubs, State Junior Chamber of Commerce, Florida Audubon Society for help in the cause of conservation.

8. Opposition to the levying of personal property taxes on boats subject to licensing fees under the new boating law.

9. Endorsement of the installation of artificial reefs in coastal waters as a fisheries management device.

10. Endorsement of extension of the conservation reserve program (commonly known as the "soil bank").

11. Urging the President of the United States to sign a bill which would enlarge and strengthen the federal program providing grants to municipalities in the construction of sewage treatment works.

12. Request that white hunters be allowed the same hunting privileges as the Seminole Indians on 176,000 acres which the Florida Cabinet set aside for exclusive use of Seminoles.

13. A request that Lake Okechobee waters regulation be established to permit increased discharge to the south, asking that the current survey and planning by the U. S. Corps of Engineers be completed "forthwith" and that the project be urged for Congressional and state appropriations.

14. A statement of the need for an increase in the continuous flow of fresh water from "Area 3" into Everglades National Park and submitted to the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District and to the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army.

Federation Speeches

An array of prominent conservationists held an attentive audience at the annual convention of the Florida Wildlife Federation in Daytona Beach in September.

Gov. LeRoy Collins in "looking back over these past 20 years" pointed to the most important of the legislative measures supported by the Federation, including the black bass law, the constitutional amendment for the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, the snook bill, seining prevention and last spring's motorboat law.

In a special tribute to Dr. H. R. Wilber, the retiring president, the governor said Wilber knows how to sell conservation "both with a quiet manner and, if necessary, by storming the gates of the enemy."

"We must always be on guard to insure that our enormous material growth and development does not cause us to turn our backs upon and forget the great natural beauty and attractiveness of Florida," Collins said ----- "Opportunities for fishing, for hunting, for boating, for picnicking, for hiking, for camping, for skiing, for bird watching----must always not only be available here. They must abound here."

Daniel H. Janzen, director of the Bureau of Sportfisheries and Wildlife under the Department of the Interior, was the speaker at the convention banquet, telling of the problems of conservation on a national scale---which range from protection

of thirty-some whooping cranes to the disposal of some millions of blackbirds.

"Population Vs. Conservation" was the topic of A. D. Aldrich, director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, at the opening session when he warned against complacency regarding conservation matters.

Ernest Mitts, director of the Department of Conservation, gave special attention to the newly enacted boating measure which must be enforced largely by his department.

Federation Officers

Hubert Robertson of Ft. Lauderdale was elected president of the Florida Wildlife Federation at the annual convention. Dr. H. R. Wilber, retiring president, will serve as executive secretary and will maintain the DeLand office.

Other officers chosen at the September conclave included Jim Black of Orlando, executive vice president; Doris Southwell of Ormond Beach, secretary; Russell L. Saxon of New Smyrna Beach, treasurer.

Regional vice presidents are Fred Gill of Zephyrhills, Don Cullimore of Jacksonville, Cleve Baggett of Milton, Bob Baer of Jensen Beach and W. R. (Bill) Lindsey of St. Augustine.

Hughes On Boat Clubs

Frank talk about a statewide boating federation was presented by Guy W. Hughes, executive director of the Outboard Boating Club of America, speaking at the recent Florida Wildlife Federation convention.

Hughes, who appeared on the program at a time when Florida clubs were engaged in setting up a state organization, advocated state federation **IF** proper objectives are set but he pointed to state federations that have failed through lack of proper command, the presence of idle joiners, laziness, lack of objectives, dictatorial members and disregard of individual needs of member clubs.

In explaining the objectives of his organization, Hughes divided it into five sections: Boating education, im-

provement of boating facilities, community service, organized activities, legislative activities.

He said that the OBC is geared to individual clubs but if the recent moves toward federation are successful, definite policies of cooperation will be adopted by the OBC.

Requirements of a federation include a substantial number of work hours, the OBC official pointed out.

"The federation must compile facts and keep accurate records, it must secure agreements and concessions from member clubs and it must be a united, intelligent force in the eyes of local and state legislators," he summarized.

Conservation Council

Thomas Chisholm of the Lakeland Humane Society discussed problems of humane handling of caged and wild animals at the September meeting of the Florida Conservation Council and complimented law enforcement groups on their cooperation with his society.

C. Russell Mason, executive director of the Florida Audubon Society, presided at the meeting. John Wakefield of the Department of Water Resources announced that there will be a water resources short course this year. Harold Peters of the National Audubon Society spoke briefly on the broadcast spraying of insecticides. Bud Morgan spoke regarding the soil bank program. Herb Alley told of Florida Bay problems regarding fresh water needed in Everglades National Park. ●



"I can't understand it. His dam and sire were both strictly hunting dogs."

Awards Offered Top Boating Clubs

Deadline—November 30

NATIONAL RECOGNITION AND cash awards will again be offered the country's top boating clubs in the third annual "Club of the Year" contest announced by the outboard Boating Club of America.

Cash prizes totaling \$1,500 will go to leading outboard groups, as selected by a panel of boating magazine editors, said OBC, the national association of outboard boatmen and manufacturers of outboard boating equipment.

Three awards, \$500, \$300 and \$200, will be given to clubs ranking highest overall in five contest categories: Boating education, boating facilities improvement, legislative activity, public service and organized group activities. Individual \$100 "Special Awards" will also be offered for excellence in each of these divisions.

The contest covers the programs of OBC-affiliated clubs, now numbering more than 310, between May 1 and October 31, 1959. All entries must be postmarked no later than November 30, 1959, and become the property of the contest sponsor.

Inaugurated in 1957 to reward and encourage boating groups active in promoting boating and in sponsoring progressive and organized local programs, the contest has now become a yearly OBC event.

In addition to the top \$500 award, the first place club will receive an all-expense paid trip for two to the 1960 Chicago National Boat Show, annually the world's largest boating exposition. Symbolic of its achievement, the winning club will receive the honorary Outboard Boating Club of the Year pennant during the show's opening night ceremonies.

Winner of the 1958 contest was the Outboard Runabout Fleet of Milwaukee, Wis. The Cincinnati (Ohio) Outboard Runabout Association and the Lafayette (La.) Boat Club, Inc., finished second and third. ●

SHORT ON DUCKS

(Continued from Page 15)

duck hunter; help save the nation's waterfowl and help save the Florida Duck population.

A 40 consecutive day season opening November 30 will no doubt be the greater benefit to the Florida Duck with the majority of late nesting migrants here to relieve the gun pressure on the Florida Duck. The nation's waterfowl should also benefit because of the low percentage of hunters that get their four ducks a day. However, good arguments can be cited for the 50 day, three duck option. Ten more hunting days would be provided and most hunters do not take a full limit anyway.

Nonetheless, the Commission followed the expressed desires of the hunters in selecting the 40 day, four duck season. Most people apparently feel that they prefer a somewhat shorter season if they keep the opportunity of having one more duck in the bag.

No matter what the season's length or the daily bag limit may be, this is the season to give the ducks a break, migrants as well as the Florida Duck. The whole future of waterfowling may lay in the hands of this year's hunters. This is the year for the duck hunter to be GOOD SPORTSMEN.

WATERFOWLER AFLOAT

(Continued from Page 27)

reflection. With a due amount of determination, a small amount of effort, and a grain of consideration for other hunters, the fishing and utility boat can become a suitable boat for use in the waterfowl marshes, accepted among the waterfowl fraternity, and a step toward successful hunting and a limit bag.

At the close of each season many ventures to the marshes are marked on the record book as unsuccessful, hunting ruined, shooting spoiled, and days wasted because of the individual who insists on using a family runabout as a duck boat. Palm



Waterfowl identification will play an important part during the coming season, since many ducks band together, such as this "scarce" Redhead (upper center) with two Lesser Scaup.

Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson writing on the *Conservation of Waterfowl* in F. H. Kortwright's *Ducks, Geese, and Swans of North America*, pp. 55-61, has set the ideal step to be taken by all hunters, present and future. Dr. Gabrielson writes, "Every sportsman can aid by helping to raise the standards of sportsmanship. We still think that we are not successful hunters unless we can fill our bag and take enough birds home not only for our own use but also to give to our friends." He further states that we should, "enjoy matching wits with the game; enjoy being in the outdoors; and be satisfied with one or two birds per day if that is what is needed for the table."

This is the year to stop being "bag limit worshippers" and start being darn good sportsmen. Match your skill with the ducks — jump shoot, abandon the blind and decoys for a year, or if the thrill in the hunt is seeing a flock of ducks breaking formation, circling the blocks and coming in with cupped wings and outstretched feet, be satisfied with only enough ducks "for the table."

There may never again be the "good old days" of duck hunting, but now is the time to save some of this fine sport for our future generations. **HELP REDUCE THE KILL OF DUCKS.** Don't chop down the "tree" that will bear next year's "fruit." ●

fronds fail miserably to hide the white hull, varnished deck, and gleaming hardware of this boat from



"Quick! Let go now!"

the eyes of wary waterfowl. This man's action does not limit unsuccessful hunting to himself, but generally spoils the day for other hunters in the same locality. The man who insists on hunting from a craft designed for weekend cruising should be placed in the same category as the sky busting hunter who fires at every duck regardless of range, distance, or other hunters. The family runabout has no place in the waterfowl marsh, except as a method of transportation to and from the general territory. Many smaller duck boats can be towed behind or carried aboard these larger boats. In this case, the larger runabouts should be anchored or left

far enough from the hunting territory so as not to spook passing waterfowl, if for no other reason than consideration of other hunters.

The outboard motor has probably opened more territory and shortened the distance between launching and hunting than any one piece of equipment. On the other hand, this motor has probably destroyed the solitude of more marshes, spooked more ducks, and ruined more hunting than any other single factor. It is a skillful hunter who can maneuver his boat and successfully sneak within range of a flock of waterfowl, or jump shoot mallards and blacks along the marshes and tributaries. It is an unsuccessful, inconsiderate, and unsportsmanlike hunter who must rely on his motor and speed rather than skill to appear before the eyes of his mate, family, and cronies as a duck hunter. The opinion projected by a multitude of duck hunters is to include an unlimited bag of hunters who resort to rallying and shooting ducks from outboard boats under power, hunters who consistently speed

across the marshes just looking the situation over, hunters who speed up to another's blind and blast his decoys, and the hunter who blows long and loud on a duck call not knowing the difference between alarm call and feed call. The hunters of Leon and Jefferson counties by their own request have restricted the use of outboard motors on their favorite lakes during the open season for waterfowl. This restriction of motors and restriction of motor size would probably be a definite step toward better hunting in many marshes.

Time has a tendency to increase rather than dim the luster of favorite memories such as those of earlier ventures to the delta duck marshes. Closely associated with these memories lies a somewhat weather-beaten delta duck boat. A craft with worn gunwales, faded paint, and a fine juniper bottom that countless applications of Noah's pitch could never quite stop from leaking. Oar lock blocks fashioned from the heart of a virgin oak by some long forgotten craftsman that would allow a young

boy to ease silently around a point of marsh to surprise a sleeping gadwall or flock of feeding coot. A boat designed before the day of the outboard motor and later equipped with a board bolted to the transom to which a sputtering kicker could be attached. A boat designed to slide over the tidal mud flats, slip quietly up a marsh drain or through thick needle rush, ride safely across open bays, or glide across the mirror surface of a mill pond. A specialized boat that has almost faded into obscurity along with the wooden decoy, and the understanding teacher who interceded when an irate principal failed to understand why boys played hookey on opening day of duck season.

Neither nail nor wood makes a duck boat. A true duck boat must be constructed with a spirit. The design on the drawing board must include a vision of countless wildfowl on the wing. The architect must have experienced the solitude of the marshes, and the boat must contain the spirit found in the song of the pre-dawn marsh hen. ●

BALANCE WHEEL

(Continued from Page 5)

your members who have attained their ranks of ranger, forester, chief ranger and chief forester and any others who have earned higher ranks. We would like to recognize them and present to them their insignia.

These ranks are earned by completing conservation projects in the Conservation Merit Point System. If you have need of more copies of these 122 projects, please write to us for additional copies.

Charters

Check and see if you have your charter for your club. It should be framed and hanging on your club meeting room wall. If you are without a permanent place bring it with you for each meeting. Look through your files. If you are without one, write to us and notify the League.

Honorary Certificates

Have you had someone or some organization donate some money to you? Or time? Or equipment? Or a favor? It would be thoughtful and a generous gesture to present one of

these certificates at some very formal meeting. It's an excellent way to say thank you. If you need any of these certificates write to us.

How To Operate A Club

We have sufficient copies on hand to supply your needs should you desire one of these helpful booklets. It's a companion to the "How To Organize a Youth Conservation Club." These booklets are worthwhile to have in your files. They may be referred to as a quick reference.

Club Directories

If you have a change in address where you receive your mail; or if you have elected new officers; or if you have changed your meeting place; or if you have added another advisor or found a sponsor, please write and inform us of these changes.

In case you have forgotten, our address is Youth Conservation Section, 205 West Adams Street, Ocala, Florida. ●



"Don't you dare use those biscuits for bait!"

FILMCO

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS



Among bowmen, use of a bow sight is often a controversial subject. Many hold to the opinion that the only correct way to shoot a bow is by the so-called "instinctive" aiming method, and that a bow sight is worthless for hunting.

On the other side of the ledger are certain pertinent facts: (1) In target shooting competition, archers who use a bow sight are considered to have such an advantage that the bare-bow shooters frequently relegate bow sight users to their own special division rather than face them in open competition. (2) Despite the fact that 95% of bowhunters out after deer shoot without a sight, still, annual deer kill statistics show that the relatively few who do hunt with a bow sight have a much higher success ratio . . . Such facts speak for themselves . . .

The best bow sight FWFT&T has ever seen is the new product being distributed by Joseph D. Thompson, Jr., dealer in archery equipment and supplies, Garrison Forest Road, Owings Mills, Maryland.

Known as the "Four Twenty Hunter" model, the new bow sight has many commendable features. Made of strong Damascus-finished metal, it permits instant-full view sighting and micrometer, stay-put adjustment for correct elevation and windage. Available aiming reticules — easily changed — include the center dot type, rifle-scope type crosshairs and a wide sighting area hunting reticule incorporating both crosshairs and center dot.

The "Four Twenty Hunter" is fastened to the bow with either tape or contact cement. FWFT&T suggests that the sight first be experimentally taped to the bow until a trial period has established the exact mounting position.

For hunting, FWFT&T recommends that you use the special hunting aiming attachment, that you first zero your sight for thirty yards and mark the sight's bar position on the slide. Then do the same at both twenty and forty yards. These, too, should be permanently marked, not only on the sight's base but also above and below the center (aiming) dot of the reticule itself. Then, when you return and lock the

aiming reticule to the established thirty yard setting, you can automatically shoot accurately at either twenty or forty yards, depending on which recorded aiming point you use. Once the sight is calibrated to your bow, you're in business!

Before you go hunting, temporarily blacken the sight's metal parts with flat black paint to avoid reflections.

The "Four Twenty Hunter" model bow sight retails for \$6.95 with choice of either dot or crosshair aiming reticule. The special long, combination hunting bar is \$2.50. Extra small bars are \$1.25 each.



Whether amateur or professional, the average photographer will find a camera bag a very practical and convenient item. In it, he can house his valuable camera, light meter, filters, film and miscellaneous accessories for both protection and easy transportation.

Camera bags come in many different brands and materials, and in a variety of shapes, sizes and colors. There are so many on the market of similar design and quality, it is only occasionally that FWFT&T finds a low-priced camera bag that can be considered outstanding in its field.

Such a product is the Kali-Bag, made of dark brown, top-grain pigskin and retailed for \$9.95 by the Photo Dept. of Webb's City, St. Petersburg, Florida. The Kali-Bag has many features to justify recommendation by FWFT&T.

It is lined with foam rubber for maximum protection to camera and fragile accessories. No matter how loosely camera and accessories are packed, they will be protected from outside bumps and jolts. Inside the Kali-Bag's lid is a zippered compartment to hold small items such as filters and roll film. There is also a larger, snap-fastened compartment inside the bag's main section for holding more bulky items. This is removable.

The Kali-Bag's durable pigskin leather exterior is bound at all edges with aluminum

edging which adds greatly to the strength and ruggedness of the product while giving it a smart-appearing trim. Chrome metal bumper lugs on the bottom of the Kali-Bag keep its bottom from actually resting on the ground or floor when the bag is set down.

There is a full length zipper on the bag's main body section;—which is 10 inches long, 8½ inches high and 3½ inches thick—and a snap buckle-fastening on a separate storage section located on the outside front of the bag. Also featured on the front of the bag are two buckle-type leather straps for carrying a telescoping style tripod. For comfortable over-the-shoulder carrying, the Kali-Bag has been fitted with a leather-bound, foam rubber shoulder pad. The full-length, adjustable shoulder strap can be quickly converted to hand-carrying length so that the Kali-Bag can also be handled much as one carries a brief-case.

A provided snap-buckle on the back of the bag permits locking with a built-in lock after the bag's main section has been zippered shut.

FWFT&T believes you will have to look long to find a bag equal to the Kali-Bag's value at \$9.95. Order direct from Earl Foster, Manager of the Photo Dept., Webb's City, St. Petersburg. Add only 3% Florida sales tax; Webb's pays the postage.



Among the variety of equipment used for the enjoyment of hunting, camping and fishing, in all probability the humble knife serves the most practical purpose. Its potential uses are legion!

In a personal blade, the average sportsman wants the finest knife obtainable for his needs. In his trial and error search for the ideal knife, the sportsman inevitably hears about custom made Randall knives —and happily so, for knives created by W. D. (Bo) Randall, Jr., of Orlando, Florida, are considered among the finest to be had.

The price tag attached to a Randall knife does not reflect cheapness. Neither does the appearance and performance of a Randall knife. However, considered as a lifetime investment, a Randall-made blade is

relatively inexpensive to own. Price is soon forgotten in combined pride of ownership of a genuine Randall knife and the dependable field performance of the product.

Besides sheath style knives for various sports' uses, Randall makes special knives for divers, blades for combat or fighting, balanced knives for professional knife-throwers and carving, utility and pocket knives. The current catalog lists sixteen different models as well as several unnumbered special purpose types.

Many sportsmen profess preference for short-bladed sheath knives. However, Randall points out that any knife shorter than 4½ inches in blade will have an unbalanced appearance, because the knife's handle can only be so short and still properly fit the hand. For the hunter and fisherman, there are at least six standard models from which to select a useful knife.

Final hardness of knife steel is largely determined by its carbon content although traces of nickel, manganese and vanadium also exert beneficial influence. "The steel is the heart of your knife," Randall points out.

For his already world-famous line of custom-made knives, Randall uses only the finest grade Swedish tool steel or high carbon stainless steel. The latter is the most difficult type to work and must be slowly hand ground from rough to finished state. Stainless steel is used only for salt water fishing and household utility model knives.

Knife handles can be had in choice of heavy sole leather, Belgian Congo ivory, genuine stag, micarta, ebony and various woods. Because a hunting knife can be expected to be given hard use, Randall recommends leather as the handle material.

Various extras can be ordered. You can have finger-grips cut in the handle or your name engraved on the blade. Handles can be fitted with a small compass, a leather thong or otherwise given more practical or decorative treatment.

Randall-made knives have enthusiastic

users in every state and many foreign countries; FWFT&T's endorsement in respect to assured quality and performance of product is merely supplementary to an already strong chorus of approval.

Keep in mind that a Randall knife is custom-made and is never given hurried construction, and that the demand for certain types is heavy. Order at least four weeks ahead of anticipated need.

If you're seriously interested in owning a fine knife, write Randall Made Knives, P. O. Box 1988, Orlando, Florida, for an illustrated catalog. You won't be sorry.



Half the fun of participating in a particular sport is to properly dress in smart attire symbolic of the activity; in some sports, special clothing is even necessary to successful performance . . . But in archery, equipment rather than clothing style is usually given first consideration.

Even so, many archers characteristically wear the green hat style said to have been the choice of Robin Hood, the famous English outlaw and bowman who allegedly robbed the rich and gave to the poor, sometime between the kingly reigns of Richard I and Edward II. Most women can wear the Robin Hood style of hat admirably. Few men can.

Usually the more rugged among the male archers prefer more practical and masculine

headgear. Where camouflage hats and caps have not been personal preference, wearing of neat-appearing felt hats has been a popular second choice. Unfortunately, many hat styles do not lend themselves to the sport of archery, because of the manner in which the bowman must flex and aim his weapon.

Introduction of a real he-man, practical style hat, especially for bowhunters, by Hunter Hats, Box 7261, Fort Worth 11, Texas, fills a standing need of years.

Appropriately labeled "The Bowhunter's Hat" by its makers, the new outdoor hat is made of 3-X quality fur felt, has a pre-shaped crown and 3½" width brim, features a leather sweat band backed with oil silk to resist perspiration and is available in a color choice of Woods' Brown, Buckskin, Rich Brown, Bright Red, Silver Belle, Pearl Gray, Lava and Charcoal solid colors.

A very practical feature of "The Bowhunter Hat" is the way the brim can be temporarily or permanently folded up against the crown so that it is out of the way for either right or left-handed shooter. (Any club pin or screw-type button can be used to hold the brim in turned up position.) To the bowman, who necessarily must anchor his arrow close to his aiming eye, this is an especially good feature.

Any size hat can be had. If you do not know your correct head size, get a family member to take your measurement with a cloth tape, or you can fit a piece of cord to your own head and afterwards measure the length of the cord with a ruler. In lieu of known hat size, this accurate measurement can be submitted when ordering.

Both ladies' and men's styles are available.

Your name can be printed in gold letters on the leather sweat band, provided it does not contain more than 15 letters. There is no charge for this optional service.

Price of "The Bowhunter's Hat" is \$12.50, postpaid to any point in the United States.

FISHING

(Continued from Page 9)

jig is being offered with a ring in the eye and a carefully designed balance that produces a quick flip of the jig tail when the lure is worked. This quick flip "fans" the skirt to produce a "flash" from the highly-reflective nylon. This is something that must be seen and used to be appreciated. It is a big improvement in my opinion.

Kinfolks Knife

I did see one other item at the big show that was new and exciting. This was a handsome hunting knife made by the Robeson Cutlery Com-

pany, Perry, N. Y. This knife is called "Kinfolks Flame Edge." The name, "Kinfolks," is a holdover from the days when these knives were made largely by members of one family, and "Flame Edge" describes the part that makes the new knife unique.

The blade of this sportman's knife is made of high temper, stainless steel, but one side of the edge taper has a thin bonding of tungsten carbide, the hardest metal known to man. This is the metal used in nozzles of jet engines, on tips of heavy-duty, industrial drills, and even on vital parts of space satellites. This bonding is made possible by a

method that fuses the harder metal at speeds 10 times faster than sound and at 6000 degrees of heat. The result is a knife of supersharpness that stays sharp for incredible lengths of time.

Remember, I said tungsten carbide was on one side only of the knife edge. As the blade is used, the softer metal wears away, exposing more and more of the supersharp "Flame Edge." This knife actually gets sharper the more it's used. I've been looking for a really good belt knife for a long time, and I think this is it. At any rate, I have ordered one and will be using it this coming season. ●



By **CHUCK SCHILLING**

Address questions on fishing and boating to Question Box, FLORIDA WILDLIFE, Tallahassee, Fla.

Question: I am new at the fishing business, and I am confused with all the advice I get on how best to strike a fish, or if to strike him. To strike or not to strike seems to be the question. How about it? Is there a simple rule I can follow?

H. Wade, Key West, Fla.

Answer: Nothing about sports fishing is simple, least of all learning how and when to strike. A far from complete rule would be about as follows: strike instantly when using popping bugs and just a little slower on surface plugs. A fish will spit the small, single hook bug immediately unless you sock it home. With the plug and its gang hooks, allow an extra instant for the fish to get the plug back in his mouth.

With underwater running lures, the fish will hook itself striking against line resistance. No action is necessary by the fisherman. On live bait and artificials that imitate live bait (such as, plastic eels, worms, frogs, etc.) the rule is to let the fish pick up the lure, move off with it, and strike just as the fish starts off the second time. None of these instructions will work all the time, but they do constitute a general guide.

Question: I am planning to invest in a boat, motor, and trailer. I'm going to use a 35-horse outboard motor and want a safe fishing boat of about 15-foot. I'm undecided on wood, glass, or aluminum construction. What are the advantages to be expected in each?

E. Mulhall, Tampa, Fla.

Answer: What follows is my opinion; others will differ, of course. Aluminum is most durable and the strongest construction. Fiberglas is most satisfactory in use because of its

great beauty and the performance its molded designs make possible. Wood is the least desirable because of the constant need for maintenance. Not enough difference exists in the cost of these to make price a big factor.

There are all kinds of aluminum alloys on the market, intended for such special uses as pans, airplanes, engine blocks, and boats. The special qualities of boat building aluminum make it impervious to salt-water damage and exceedingly tough. A modern aluminum boat is practically indestructible. On the other hand, these boats are seldom eye appealing, tend to be noisy, and are usually "wet" performers.

Fiberglas makes the most beautiful boats afloat, and the wide flaring bows, possible in molded construction, make these boats unbelievably dry and able, a big factor in small boats. Fiberglas is tough, long lasting and my favorite. The danger here is in jerry-built, backyard boats, loaded with poor design and structural weaknesses. Best insurance is to stick to brand names of known quality.

Wooden boats will be with us for a long time. A properly built one will last a lifetime if given good treatment. They do require constant care. If you are prepared to accept this as a part of ownership, go right ahead and buy with confidence.

Question: If you were to give advice about your pick for a fall fishing vacation out-of-state but within a day or so's drive, what would you say?

V. Jacobs, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Answer: This one is easy. Right now, I'd say a float trip on one of Arkansas's famous rivers. These are the White, Black, and Current. The White River in its upper regions would be my idea of tops.

Fall is wonderful in the Ozarks, and fishing at this time is often at its best. The upper White River holds world-record smallmouth bass and rainbow trout. Elmo Hurst at Cotter, Arkansas, operates an excellent float fishing service and can give full particulars.

Question: I have been using the clinch knot for tying spinning lures to monofilament, but I get an occasional failure. Would the improved clinch knot be better for this purpose?

J. Rodman, Dania, Fla.

Answer: I have always felt a proper clinch knot couldn't be improved upon, only complicated. If your knots are coming apart, it is because you are putting too few wraps around the line. The minimum should be not less than six.

Question: I can remember a few things you have written about cameras for outdoor use. I am not a photography bug. I don't even own a camera, but I would like to buy one for use outdoors to get the best results with the least amount of bother. What do you suggest? J. Baker,

Answer: This one is easy. I'd buy a Yashica-Mat. These are available at your camera shop, retail price \$75.00. This is a Japanese copy of the famous 2¼ x 2¼ automatic Rolleiflex. The Rolleiflex is German made. I own one of each and still recommend the former. I'd get a sunshade, medium yellow filter, and flash gun. I'd stick to Kodak Tri-X for black and white and Daylight Ektachrome for color. I'd read and digest the instructions that come with both camera and films. This answer is of necessity over simplified, but believe me, you can't go far wrong.

Question: I say jungle cock eye shoulders on flies are for decoration only and to help catch fishermen. My buddy claims they have fish catching abilities. Who's right?

O. Wentworth, Atlantic Beach, Fla.

Answer: You lose. Jungle cock eye shoulder patches on a wet fly do dress it up and make it more attractive to the buyer but also add a great deal to the fly's effectiveness. Jungle cock eye is a natural fluorescent and practically glows underwater.

FLORIDA

KNOW YOUR FLORIDA GAME BIRDS

THE QUAIL ALSO KNOWN AS "PARTRIDGE" IS FOUND IN EVERY COUNTY OF FLORIDA WHERE THE KIND OF FOOD AND VEGETATION PREFERRED BY QUAIL IS FOUND

QUAIL AVERAGE 5-6 OUNCES IN WEIGHT

EXPLOSIVE, RAPID FLIGHT OF THE QUAIL IS OFTEN STARTLING TO HUNTERS AND OFFERS A TRUE TEST OF SHOOTING SKILL!

BUFFY THROAT

HEN BIRD

WHITE THROAT

COCK BIRD

Wallace Hughes

LIKE BARNYARD FOWL DOWN-COVERED QUAIL CHICKS RUN ABOUT SOON AFTER HATCHING

CHICKS

LIKE CITRUS, TIMBER & TOURISM, WILDLIFE RESOURCES PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE ECONOMY OF FLORIDA - THE MONEY SPENT BY SPORTSMEN IN HUNTING THE QUAIL AND OTHER GAME OCCUPIES A PROMINENT PLACE IN THIS ECONOMY

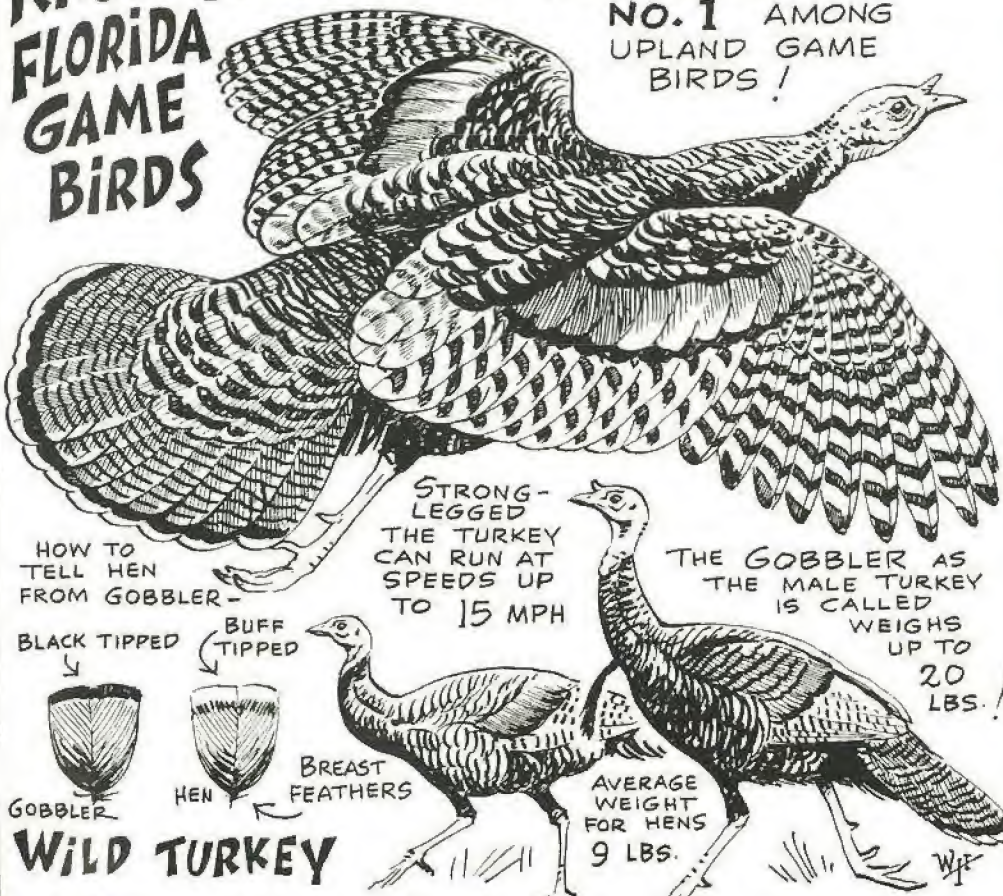
BOBWHITE QUAIL

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

KNOW YOUR FLORIDA GAME BIRDS

ALERT, WARY AND HARD TO BAG • THE WILD TURKEY IS

NO. 1 AMONG UPLAND GAME BIRDS!



HOW TO TELL HEN FROM GOBBLER -

BLACK TIPPED

BUFF TIPPED



GOBBLER

HEN

BREAST FEATHERS

STRONG-LEGGED THE TURKEY CAN RUN AT SPEEDS UP TO 15 MPH

THE GOBBLER AS THE MALE TURKEY IS CALLED WEIGHS UP TO 20 LBS.!

AVERAGE WEIGHT FOR HENS 9 LBS.

WILD TURKEY

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

WILDLIFE SCRAPBOOK



QUAIL HUNTING IN FLORIDA

Commission Photo by Jake Johnson

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